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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Heaven's First Law

MR. BROWNELL is one of the few of our living critics who illustrates style in his own prose while writing of its subtleties. In his recent book, "The Genius of Style," he renders an uncommon service in quoting a definition which Buffon really wished to apply to style instead of that unfortunate phrase which we use in place of thinking, "the style is the man." By the latter Buffon meant no more than that the manner of handling a theme would depend upon the nature of the writer. "Style," says Mr. Brownell, translating his real definition, "is nothing other than the order and movement which we put into our thoughts."

One translation is not enough for a definition. It must be retranslated into terms of the present. If we say that "order" is the emergent idea of a good book in which every detail and thought and incident has its part like a structural element in a Gothic vault; and if we say that "movement" resides in the winged words which carry the growing thought; and if with this amplification we look at contemporary writing, one conclusion at least comes quickly. There is more movement than order in current literature.

We are drunk with movement. Music syncopates; painting and sculpture drop representation to follow planes and curves; newspapers are written in a kind of shorthand, which consists of leaving out everything that is not vivid, so that a "story" becomes a series of sensations, and an editorial one platitude repeated in ten striking different ways. Short stories move so fast that one reads only for movement, and it is credibly reported that devotees of *The Saturday Evening Post* "break" to the nearest tail-end of a story in the rear section without troubling about continuity if the tempo is swift. Novels have shed their outer garments of description and comment so that they may run. A plot is no longer felt to be necessary but a story that does not move is static in both the old and the new sense.

But what of order? Order has gone into business and is manufacturing efficiency for the world. Order in literature has become a text book virtue that can be taught in correspondence courses. Order of the I, a, b, c, II, a, b, c, variety is common enough but that more important organization of material which both directs and is the thought, which is the final product of man's imagination in its constructive mood, is not common. Perhaps it never has been common but there have been years when it was far less rare. Modern painting and modern architecture are searching for order but have not yet found it. The really interesting novels and plays today are too experimental to give an ordered sense of finality. Poetry has tried to do without order in the attempt to escape convention.

But if modern books and modern styles lack order it is not necessarily, as honest Tories maintain, because modern writers have disorderly minds. Nor is it because the story teller prefers a sketchy, unrounded narrative. They are willing to sacrifice order to originality, penetration, vividness, or novelty. Movement, in every sense, is their desire, and since they will if necessary sacrifice order to movement, they will not take the necessary pains (and they are many) which order requires.

There is forever a systole and diastole between these two elements of writing, and probably it is only in rare individuals or in much rarer periods that they integrate in such a sense that it becomes possible to define them as the coöperatives of style. In other times, with other men, they tug at each other, and sometimes order crystallizes into pattern, and sometimes, as now, movement breaks literature into a criss-cross of waves. But even at the moment of relative balance there are divergent purposes leading to different results. The genius who makes order in a new movement is usually an expansionist and romantic, and, together, with the disorderly, may be a rebel and often an outcast in his times. The Racine, or Sophocles, or Pope, or Fielding who can reduce life to order without parching or stultification is a classicist, an intellectual, and in an orderly period is crowned with laurel and showered with gold.

At least this much solace may be promised to those who do not like rapid movement and constant change: they suffer but they will not suffer long. It is the classic periods that go slowly, with brakes on, down the gentlest of grades. There was so little alteration in English style between, say, 1700 and 1800, that it takes some connoisseurship in the period to note the lapse of time in rhythm or vocabulary. But consider what gulfs divide us from the manner of 1825. Put Hazlitt in the New York *World*, Byron in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, the young Carlyle in *The American Mercury*, De Quincey in *The Pictorial Review*, and Thomas Hood in *Life*. How they would date themselves! Prose style has changed more rapidly in this country in the last twenty years than in any other period of English since Lyly's day or Dryden's. Bent upon movement, it has moved too fast for order. But order will come.

Explicit

By LORD DUNSANY

IN a dream I must have gone,
In a dream and sleeping fast,
To a city never known,
In a land that cannot last.

Thence these stories I have brought
For your cities mad with steam,
That a dream from skies unthought
May be mingled with your dream.

This Week

A Soap-Bubble Hero. By an *Englishman.*

The Creator of "Sam Slick." By *Ralph Gabriel.*

Taboos and Spontaneity. By *Ralph Barton Perry.*

The Arab. By *Clarence L. Andrews.*

Rum in Your Tea. By *W. R. Benét.*

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Zamiatin's "We." Reviewed by *Pitrim Sorokin.* "The Letters of Boswell," by *Chauncey B. Tinker.* Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*

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Vehicles of Poetic Thought

By ROBERT GRAVES.

THERE is a question that has lately interested me: To what extent any individuals of the same general education, personal history, and intellectual capacity may differ as to the merits of a poem, simply because their minds are each differently ruled by one predominant inward sense, such as sight, sound, or touch, at the expense of the others.

Of course, the reading and writing of poetry implies at any rate some sense of visual and auditory imagery: to any one completely deficient in either capacity a poem is no longer a poem, but either a prose statement or a form of music.

But granted both capacities in the lover of poetry, he will probably have one of these more intensely than the other, or be found deficient or unusually proficient in one or more of the subsidiary vehicles of thought. From here the inquiry might start.

Of the so-called "verbiles," who think in words and have no other form of imagery, I have only met one, and he has no pleasure in poetry as such: his prose-writing, too, was marked by such an insensitiveness to the use of metaphor and the juxtaposition of words with strong associative appeal that I could not get the sense intended without concentrated effort.

In my book "On English Poetry," I find myself saying downrightly that the appeal merely to the visual sense is the most insecure of any, and that the best poetry appeals in turn to all the senses. I had quoted Keats and his "Song About Myself," where, giving the experiences of a Naughty Boy who ran away to Scotland the people for to see, he rings the changes as follows:

He found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red,
That lead
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was still eighty,
That a door was
As wooden as in England,

and I commented that while this is, as it were, a succession of single notes, throughout Keats's work one can find stanzas and single phrases which are chords struck on two or three different sense-appeals at once. I would now suggest that the "best" poetry in the sense of poetry having the deepest appeal to groups widely separated by education and circumstance will probably be poetry whose sensory vehicle of thought corresponds most nearly with that of the greater part of the poetry-reading public. But I would certainly not suggest that such poetry would be the "best" in particular cases where the reader demands poetry of a predominantly visual or tactile or other variety. And have we any statistics to show us what proportion of poetry-lovers are what the psychologists designate as "visiles," or "audiles," or "tactiles," or "motiles"? And who will sub-divide the *visile* satisfactorily in the *color*-visile, the *black-and-white*-visile, the *mensuration*-visile or similar categories? Or who will sub-divide the audile?

Pending such statistics and classifications, I should like to beg the question and discover as an interesting test-case how many of my friends strongly prefer Keats to Shelley, and how many strongly prefer

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Shelley to Keats; for the characteristic of Keats is, I find, his constant appeal to the sense of touch, while Shelley's appeal is as constantly to the sense of movement. Now, some people undoubtedly value Keats and Shelley equally; my contention is that these are either gifted with tactile *and* motile sensibility, or what is far more likely, they are deficient in both and are attracted by the rhythmic and visual qualities which these poets possess in a high degree; and a sentimental study of history makes ample compensation for the failure to appreciate the motile or tactile appeal: a poet dying, young, despised, rebellious, and on a foreign shore is soon deified as a genius by the emotional type of reader whatever he has written or failed to write.

If I had to choose between Keats and Shelley, my vote would be every time for Keats, but I admit that the tactile quality of Keats and his appeal also to the senses of taste and smell is what most recommends him to me. To an appeal to the sense of motion I am often definitely unsympathetic; there are reasons for this in my personal history; and I admit that with the exception of an occasional phrase like "the yellow bees in the ivy-bloom," Shelley's poetry is nothing to me. I have tried to read him constantly, and have even let it be concluded that I do enjoy him, in the hope that one day enjoyment may come, as has indeed happened to me in the case of Wordsworth; but here I make honest admission of my present deficiency towards Shelley.

So now examining the ivy-bloom phrase, I begin to suspect that I get from it something quite other than what Shelley intended. My imagery (but this is an unfortunate word as implying definitely the visual appeal), my mental sensations, let me rather say, now I come to examine them, include the taste of honey, the feel of the dusty softness of ivy-blossom, and a tang, somewhere between taste and smell, of ivy-leaves. How do I get that? I find that I have mentally transferred "yellow" from the bees to the pollen of the ivy-blossom, and "bloom" is not just blossom to me but, as in the "bloom" of the plum, suggests a very soft dust easily rubbed off: I do not see the bees themselves as distinctly as I see the ivy, though I am aware of their presence, but I taste their honey, a certain dark honey that I remember once tasting in Germany: this honey was kept in the hives over-winter, I believe, until it had the same sort of tang that one would expect from ivy-honey.

It is perhaps true that the poetic appeal to the inward eye alone is the least secure, but we must not forget those "visiles" to whom the music of poetry is only a convenient carriage for the visual imagery. It is also perhaps true that the inward ear is only less sophisticated, less easily flattered than the inward eye, but we must not forget the people who being predominantly audile recommend us to read Swinburne for the mere glorious rush of his verse, without any more regard for the words than will help to a vague scenic backgound. I shall not easily forget a story told me some years ago by Mr. Roberts, a poet and grocer of Llanffestiniog, in North Wales, whose tastes in poetry were almost solely guided by the sound of it. He had not come across Swinburne, but Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies were to him the summit of non-Welsh poetic art.

The story, which was an elaborate one, concerned Mr. James Larkin's visit to the Ffestiniog slate-quarries just before the War. Mr. Roberts gave me the emotional history of that great revolutionary address: He said that though the quarry-men agreed that the oratorical gestures were not particularly striking, the beauty of Larkin's speaking was such that the audience swayed and wept in sympathy for a full hour. I questioned: "But, surely, Mr. Roberts, those quarrymen knew little enough English to be able to follow an excited Irishman with an accent like Larkin's? Did they really appreciate his arguments?" "No, dear me," replied Mr. Roberts, "I shouldn't say; but they caught here one word and there another, Liberty, Tyranny, and the like, and that was sufficient. It was the beauty of his speaking! Didn't they have enough imagination to supply each man his own argument? I tell you, boy, it was a grand address." And there was a sincerity about Mr. Roberts which commanded my respect.

Now it should be possible to decide how far any well-known poet uses one sensory vehicle more than another; the difficulty comes when we attempt to break the connection, as psychologists are tending to do, between the vehicle of thought and the thought itself. To suggest, with these, that the vehicle does not really matter, that the thought is the same whether it comes through an audile or a tactile source seems to me most unsatisfactory. The quality of my mental sensations on reading Shelley's line about the yellow bees in the ivy-bloom, is so far removed from what I now guess Shelley's sensations to have been, as to admit of no comparison between the two. A "motile" friend much under the spell of Shelley tells me that to him the phrase suggests "the poetic motion of the bright bees across the darker ivy; both bees and blossom greatly etherealized by being reflected in clear lake-water."

The vehicle of thought is the quality of the thought, and the quality of the thought is the poet, and the poet is seen in the man. Else, who can imagine the motile Shelley doing as Keats is recorded to have done, putting pepper on his tongue to bring out the coolness of the claret? Shelley never seems to have noticed what he ate or drank except sometimes as a matter of vegetarian principle, and seems to have taken his meals in a spasmodic fashion, picking up odd dainties and eating them absently as he walked about. Or who can imagine Keats lying at length in a frail boat and poetically abandoning himself, as Shelley loved to do, to motion of river or sea? On a warm day Keats would have been dipping his arms or trailing his toes in the pleasant water, engrossed in that, or perhaps fishing for tiddlers; and on a cold day he would have complained bitterly of discomfort and put back to port for mulled drink at a chimney corner. How do I know that? Well, I do, somehow. And when I come to consider it, all the poems which mean so much more to me than to others, have without exception this tactile quality, from the Early English:

> Cold blows the wind on my true love,
> And a few small drops of rain,

where I feel the rain on my hands and hair rather than see it. To Skelton:

> Charon, that ferryman hoar
> That roweth with a rude oar,
> And from his frowsi'd fore-top
> Guideth his boaté with a prop,

where I smell the river-smell and feel the rough wet punt-pole in my hands.

To Lord Vaux:

> For Age with stealing steps
> Hath clawed me with his crutch,

which I feel as a sharp pain in the shoulders.

To Marlowe more than any other Elizabethan; to Keats, especially to the "Eve of St. Agnes," of which more soon; and so on to poets of my own generation, to Charles Sorley and

> This field is almost white with stones
> That cumber all its thirsty crust,

which makes me feel as if I had chalk in my mouth, and to Isaac Rosenberg's "Moses":

> The royal paunch of Pharaoh dangled worriedly
> Not knowing where the wrong: viands once giantlike
> Came to him thin and thinner. What rats gnawed?
> Horror! The swarm of slaves! The satraps swore
> Their wives' bones hurt them when they lay abed
> That before were soft and plump. The people howled
> They'd boil the slaves three days to get their fat,
> Ending the famine. A haggard council held
> Decrees the two hind molars, those two staunchest
> Busy laborers in the belly's service, to be drawn
> From out each slave's greased mouth, which soon
> From incapacity would lose the habit
> Of eating——

These are all poems that I do not forget; they have become the familiar furniture of my mind.

This predilection, which rules my tastes in plastic art (a lovely word to me, "plastic"!) no less than my poetic tastes, does not, of course, prevent me from enjoying and respecting poetry whose visual imagery and rhythm and intellectual quality, as Shakespeare's, for instance, affect me strongly even where there is no particularly intense appeal to my sense of touch. I translate such poetry into tactile terms, as I did in the case of the ivy-bloom and the bees; but the volatile, humorless, combative mind of Shelley and his individualistic philosophy of liberty is so far alien to mine that while genuinely respecting his spirit I can seldom translate him without annoyance: which shows, I maintain, not only my limitations, but Shelley's.

So to write about Keats, who to Shelley-lovers sharing their hero's temperament often seems too earthy and sensuous to deserve the title of genius: and in spite of "Adonais" which they dismiss as a portrait of Keats, not as he was, but as Shelley would have had him be, they have constantly approved the *Quarterly's* first estimate of him. In "The Eve of St. Agnes" there are scores of phrases occurring that could not be matched for tactile appeal in the whole of Shelley. To take the well-known lines, most moving to lovers of Keats but bandied among others only as a laughable anachronism:

> The arras rich with horseman, hawk and hound
> Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar,
> And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

As I imagine the scene and identify myself with Porphyro and Madeline in their guilty flight down the "darkling corridor," the word "fluttered" has an auditory rather than a visual appeal; but the chief impression I get is the swelling and subsiding of the arras with the wind behind it, as I guide myself down the passage by sense of touch. I recognize my whereabouts by feeling with my finger-tips the heavily embroidered outlines of horseman, hawk, and hound. And at the words "the long carpets," the visual image which rises is rapidly succeeded by the horrible tactile sensation of movement under foot, as my soft shoes grope hesitatingly forward.

Then again:

> A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
> All garlanded with carven imag'ries
> Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass
> And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings
> And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries
> And twilight saints and dim emblazonings
> A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.
> Full on this casement shone the wintry moon
> And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast. . . .

Here, where any other poet might have given a purely visual account of the moonlight streaming through stained glass, Keats again appeals to the sense of touch. There is the stone carving, with its roughness of texture suggested by "bunches of knot-grass"; the raised lead work implied in "diamonded with panes of quaint device"; the very word "casement" means to me at least something that opens and shuts and has sharp edges, in contrast with "window" which rather suggests light streaming through the glass. The heraldic 'scutcheon through which the moon shines is not merely a crimson one; the phrase "blushed with blood" has a warmth in it that in the next stanza qualifies Madeline's cold virginity.

But the climax of the verse for me is:

> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
> As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings.

The word *stains* is affected by the "fruit and flowers and bunches of knot-grass," and I mentally make these stains red and purple with juice of blueberry and blackberry and the crushed petals of poppies; so that "stains" has an appeal almost to the sense of taste. As for the "tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings," it is a phrase so charged with direct and indirect poetic appeal that I hardly know how to start classifying my impressions. Not only do the bright savagery and stealth of "tiger" and the vague twilight gentleness of "moth" contribute, in fusion, to the atmosphere of fright and romantic love that steeps the poem, but "tiger-moth," a general term including a number of differently patterned and colored varieties, forms a bizarre harmony with "stains" and with "dyes" which to me suggests bright blue and bright yellow. "Damasked" has for me no less than three meanings: It suggests inlaid enamels of a Damascus blade; the texture of silk Damask, soft as a moth's wings; and the scent, color, and feel of a Damask rose. The "deep" prefixed to "damasked" intensifies for me both color and softness of texture. And there is a further connection between "stains" and "tiger-moth," because if one touches the wings of a tiger-moth, however gently, the color comes off on the fingers: again an appeal to touch.

How far my experience tallies with that of Keats at the time of composition I can never, of course, know; I can, however, be sure that he never classified the particular implications of each word even a long while after composition, nor was he conscious of his technique in reinforcing color-imagery with an appeal to the other senses. In making this record I am trying to discover my own critical and poetical limitations in the hope that others may do the same and no longer hold, as I once held, that poetry appealing to the sense that they are themselves strongest in is necessarily better than any other kind. In Dr. Jane Harrison's study of "Ancient Art and Ritual," for instance, I find a downright statement that poetry which appeals to other inward senses than eye and ear is decadent. "Sight and hearing are the distant senses; taste and touch are too intimate, too immediately vital"; which is interesting as a self-portrait rather than as an æsthetic discovery. I am hoping for more intense research in the question from both æsthetic and general psychologists.

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A Soap-Bubble Hero

TRIMBLERIGG: A BOOK OF REVELATION. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by an ENGLISHMAN

WHAT is an Englishman to say in an American review about a book which excoriates a British ex-Premier—for that in Jonathan Trimblerigg the author exhibits David Lloyd George neither the contents nor the features on Mr. Publisher's wrapper permit us to doubt? He cannot defend him, for, fantastic though it is, the book goes straight to the central quality of its hero. He can only plead that the world which has allowed itself to be victimized is as much to blame as Jonathan Trimblerigg himself. Indeed the book is a satire, and a terrific one at that, not so much on David Lloyd George, or on Welsh Nonconformism, or on the British party system, as on a civilization which can allow its destinies to be dictated, for however brief a period, by a film-star.

For that is what David Lloyd George is represented as being: what he is or rather has been. Measure him by any of the traditional standards of statesmanship, knowledge, foresight, prudence, moral courage—and his record is zero. But measure him by the qualities that "publicity" demands, and he is superb. He is, at any given moment, "what Mr. Public wants" and he is able to be so because he is nothing in himself. He is a dis-souled personality waiting for a rôle. He is a temporary soap-bubble on the world's public life. "After the rope had done its work," says his Creator at the close of the record, "when I looked for him on the spiritual plane, it was to find that he had vanished."

"Mr. Trimblerigg" is painful reading for anyone who stops to reflect on what slapdash policies involve in human misery. The migration of a million or more homeless Greeks from Asia Minor is only one instance among many. But, even apart from its literary merits, its unerring eye for the details of its hero's stage properties, and its stabbing, Swiftian irony, it deserves to be widely read by Americans. For we do not want Americans to go on worshipping our broken idols; and in these days when truth follows slow on the heels of broadcasted fiction, to make America see David Lloyd George as Britian sees him is good internationalism.

"Free Coinage of Oil"

THE STORY OF TEAPOT DOME. By M. E. RAVAGE. New York: Republic Publishing Company. 1924. $1.

Reviewed by ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN oil parlance the Teapot Dome eruption was the biggest scandal gusher that the industry has ever known. To adapt a popular phrase, it spilled the kerosene. It did more than this, however, because the attention of the country was drawn to a grossly unbusinesslike procedure in what might be called the national merchandising of the most precious of our minerals which happens to be as valuable an asset in peace as it is a vital factor in war. A public reserve of immense value to the people was shown to have become a private preserve.

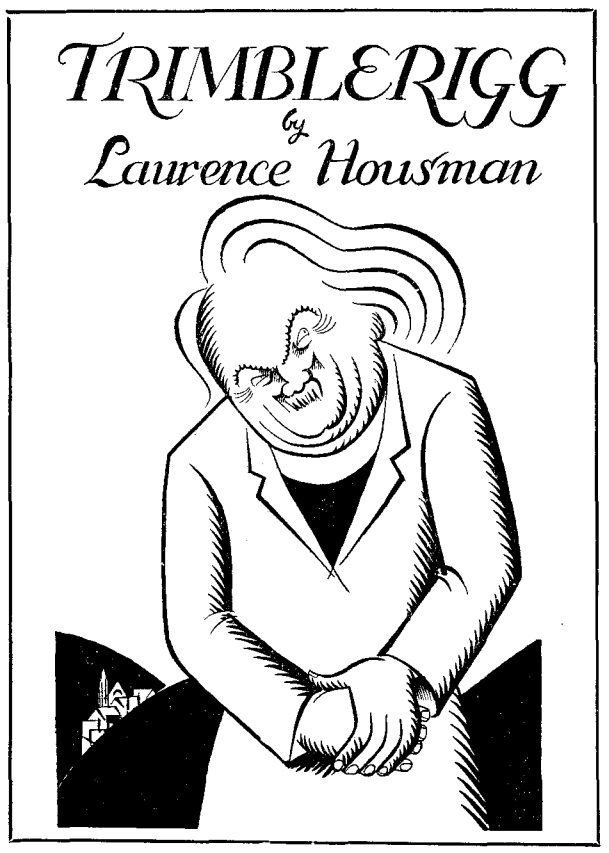
Despite the fierce light that has beat about the oil scandal with its attendant destruction of reputations—in this respect it ran war a close race—Mr. Ravage's book is the first coherent and consecutive account of the incident. It is therefore valuable as a piece of contemporary history which, if capitalized at its full value, has been worth all the turmoil that it incited. No man can follow the greasy as well as uneasy course of these developments without wondering first at the laxity—I am employing the most charitable word—of certain governmental officials; second, without speculating on the receptiveness—again the softer word—of the magnates who made themselves the beneficiaries of what the author calls the "free coinage of oil." With regard to the Teapot Dome contract Mr. Ravage states that it was "a nest of contracts with a multitude of ramifications." The familiar provocation for the development of the naval reserves was that adjacent wells drained the Government areas. We now know that it was not so much a case of drainage of oil as of other things.

The real reprehensibility behind the oil exposures is admirably set forth. In referring to the method employed in awarding the contracts the fundamental fact is disclosed as follows:

> Both law and long-established policy, to say nothing of all-round fairness and the dictates of good business, had confirmed the custom that government contracts should be awarded upon open, competitive bidding. Mr. Fall, with the coöperation of Mr. Denby and without opposition from the President, threw all these considerations to the winds, and not only leased vast national resources but entered into a complex series of contracts for the sale of Government property, the purchase of enormous quantities of supplies, and an entire program of public works involving more than a hundred million dollars, by secret negotiation. Incidentally, by inserting these varied agreements into the leases and so giving them the appearance of something that they were not, one of the very basic principles of republican government was neatly circumvented. It enabled executive departments to spend the people's money without the bother of securing appropriations from Congress.

In nearly every scandal which has shocked American sensibilities some individual has been made the goat. With the oil revelations the government was the real victim but only because of the system of allocation adopted. The misfortune has been that the whole industry was crucified because of the shortcomings of a few individuals in it.

In the course of my work I have had to study commercial and industrial enterprise in nearly every part of the world. I have yet to find an activity more animated by vision, courage and enterprise than petroleum production, as a whole, in the United States. We not only lead in the quantity of output but are responsible for practically all scientific advance in both development and refining.



A Certain British Statesman
From the drawing by Covarrubbias for the jacket of "Trimblerigg," by Laurence Housman (A. C. Boni)

One of the most amazing phenomena attendant upon the oil scandal is the agility of Mr. Fall to land invariably on his feet. His agility in acrobatics is only matched apparently by his wizardry in high—I should say low—finance. On this subject and in connection with the much-discussed "loans" to him, Mr. Ravage says:

> While, of course, it still remains to be proven absolutely that the alleged loans made by the lessees to Fall were in fact something else, the circumstances attendant are, to say it gently, suggestive. Aside from the improbability of hard-headed business men lavishing sums of five and six figures without interest or security upon an impecunious, nearly bankrupt official, a man with a clear conscience would, as soon as the matter was brought into question, have made a clean breast of it. There is nothing particularly disgraceful about borrowing money from anybody, even though the lenders, the dates, and the manner of conveyance are somewhat remarkable. Mr. Fall did not come out with a straightforward explanation. He tried with all his might, by standing on his dignity, by browbeating, by denial, to avoid discussion of the subject altogether. Having failed there, he became panicky and made desperate efforts to cover up the source of his newly acquired fortunes. He sent his son-in-law to Cleveland to ask an old friend and business associate to say that he had loaned him one hundred thousand dollars. While this man declined to deceive the Government and the public Mr. Fall applied to the good-natured McLean. Only when he saw himself confronted with perjury was the latter driven to retreat. And even then the truth had to be blasted out of the parties concerned piecemeal and almost by dynamite.

All scandals reek of the garbage heap and, like publicity of income tax returns, give the morbid and the curious too much opportunity for the gratification of their unwholesome desires. The only justification is when some constructive lesson is impressed. If the American oil industry profits by the unholy advertising that it has received, it will make publicity its god and advise Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair not to take the back stairs when they negotiate with Uncle Sam again.

One final detail remains to be emphasized. The oil investigation really failed of its purpose because, like most other similar adventures in this country, it degenerated into a capitalization of issues for political purposes. The shadow of a presidential election hung over the hearings and the records were converted into campaign documents. Thus the real and permanent significance was obscured. Happily Mr. Ravage has not been diverted to any extraneous matters. Let me repeat, his is the first and only dispassionate account that I have yet seen of an episode that should point a moral for all business.

The Creator of "Sam Slick"

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON ("SAM SLICK"): A Study of Provincial Toryism. By V. L. O. CHITTICK. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by RALPH GABRIEL
Yale University.

THE first third of the nineteenth century was for the American people a time of ferment and growth. The frontier settlements west of the Appalachian mountains were swept, from time to time, by vast religious revivals and were dotted with communities experimenting in communism. A multitude of schemes for human betterment entered into the gossip of the older society in the East. Prison reform, temperance, woman's rights, and anti-slavery were but the more conspicuous phases of a nation-wide humanitarian movement. Jacksonian Democracy, originating in the West and aiming at the political power of the masses, gained headway until, in triumph, it put the hero of New Orleans in the White House. In the same years in which Boston Unitarians were revolting against the outgrown orthodoxy of Puritanism Joseph Smith in western New York was gathering converts for his new American religion, Mormonism. A growth of national feeling went hand in hand with a sharp defining of sectional interests. Out of this confusion of currents and cross currents came, in the middle of the century, a few well defined and significant developments, the anti-slavery crusade, the realization of the dream of Manifest Destiny, and the first great era in American letters. Not the least important of the signs of a fuller national life was the growing consciousness among Americans of the peculiarities of their national types. The down east Yankee appeared on the stage and the western "ring-tailed roarer" became the chief figure in the cheap tales of the Mississippi valley and the Rocky mountains. In the thirties, while the people of the United States were reading Cooper's stories of the forest and the sea, a volume appeared from a Nova Scotia press introducing Sam Slick, an itinerant Yankee clockmaker from Connecticut. The author was Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

Haliburton was born in Nova Scotia in 1794 of American Loyalist stock. In his family were the bitter memories of the sufferings which the Revolutionary War brought to those people of the revolting colonies who remained true to the old allegiance to Empire and King and who, stripped of property and position, were driven from their homes to start life afresh in strange lands. He was educated to the law, became a member of the provincial assembly, held for years a judgeship in the Inferior Court, and, upon the abolition of these courts, was appointed to the Supreme Court. Soon after the victory of liberalism gave responsible government to his native province he abandoned Canada for England. He became a member of Parliament, a Tory of the Tories. In the summer of 1865 he died. His fame rests on neither his judicial nor his political career. He was chiefly known to his contemporaries, as he is to posterity, as the originator of Sam Slick, the most popular Yankee character of the day.

In a series of volumes published in the thirties, forties, and fifties Haliburton developed the character of the itinerant clockmaker. His droll stories, shrewd observations, ready wit, and inimitable lingo won for Sam Slick a wide fame in Canada, the United States, and England. Even Thomas Carlyle

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once referred somewhat testily to "these vagrant Sam Slicks." The memory and the popularity of Sam Slick is even yet alive. The success of the character has led to the claim that Haliburton was "the first and only creator of a unique and distinct species of fictional characterization and speech and humor." The tradition is still handed on that Artemus Ward once referred to the Nova Scotian judge as "the father of the American school of humor." Professor Chittick in his volume on Haliburton proves himself an earnest and thorough destroyer of illusions. In a single blunt paragraph he assails a whole group of Haliburton myths.

Neither on the score of priority nor on that of paternity can the claim that Haliburton was "the father of American humor" be substantiated. He was not the pioneer American humorist. He was not the creator of the comic Yankee. He was not the first to write the Yankee dialect. He was not the earliest to attain exceptional popularity by exploiting the eccentricities of the Yankee genius. He set no fashions in American humor. He inspired no other American humorist. He made no impression, except of the most trivial nature, on the work of another. He effected no change in the traditional character of the "genuine" Yankee. What Haliburton did for the reputation of that worthy, however, entitles him to an honorable place among the many who have resorted to New England caricature as a means of either the entertainment or the edification of their readers. For he found the "genuine" Yankee, though widely known and highly valued, both as mountebank and pedagogue, ordinarily little different from a novice's low comedy figure, and though frequently utilized for the purposes of journalistic satire and music-hall burlesque, with little more than national appeal, and he left him elevated to the dignity of a recognized standing in the literature of odd types, listened to and applauded by a public that was truly international, and with fame and favor that give promise of becoming permanent.

This is the conclusion at the end of two chapters of thorough discussion of the origin of the Yankee type in American literature and the closeness with which Sam Slick approximated the true Yankee. The reviewer feels that the author has proved his points. Upon analysis the clockmaker is found to mingle the vernacular of the New England pedlar with the "tall talk" of the frontiersman of the Mississippi valley. Stamped indelibly on his personality are the characteristics of the Yankee and of the melodramatic western hero of the Crockett type. Haliburton, it seems, was a diligent collector of humorous stories drawn from both phases of American life. But perhaps the most surprising of Sam Slick's idiosyncrasies was his distrust of the democracy of his country and his staunch advocacy of the reactionary principles of a Nova Scotia Tory. It must be remembered that for Haliburton Sam Slick was not an end but a means. And Haliburton, rather than his literary creation, is the central theme of the book.

Professor Chittick sets his story of the Judge against the background of the Blue Nose politics of Halifax. At times, like the one when Lord Durham published his famous report, the scene broadens to a general view of the Empire. In all this provincial struggle for local autonomy and responsible government Haliburton appears, after his early experience in the assembly, in the guise of a Tory who seeks to oppose the inexorable advance of liberalism. Perhaps it is impossible for a generation reared in the environment of modern democracy to deal sympathetically with early nineteenth century Toryism. Professor Chittick certainly does not. He gives Haliburton scant credit for a long and vigorous support of a doomed cause. Yet the Judge was not a reed shaken by the gusts of popular emotion; he set his face unflinchingly against what he called popular clamor. There is a certain splendor in the fact that when his cause was irretrievably lost the old man refused to surrender and went "home to England."

Professor Chittick's study of the public life of Haliburton is all that could be desired. He has made a valuable contribution to the political history of the British Empire and to the literary history of Canada and the United States. At the end of the volume he summarizes his impressions of his subject. He finds two Haliburtons, "the forward-looking and respect-compelling Haliburton" and the "backward-looking, contempt-provoking Haliburton." It must be confessed that this analysis is not convincing. The man Haliburton as he was known to his family and to his most intimate friends remains little more than a shadow in his own biography. His inner life and the emotions and purposes which controlled it are not revealed. This volume certainly cannot be accepted as a definitive analysis of what Professor Chittick himself calls "one of the more interesting and more colorful personalities of Canada's pre-Confederation era."

Taboos and Spontaneity

OUR CHANGING MORALITY: A Symposium. Edited by FREDA KIRCHWEY. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

EXCEPTION might be taken to the title of this book. In the first place, it is not clear that anything has changed. Miss Florence Seabury, for example, tells us that "as long as women are pictured chiefly as wife, mother, courtesan—or what not—defining merely a relationship to men—nothing new nor strange nor interesting is likely to happen. The old order is safe." Since Floyd Dell, W. L. George, H. L. Mencken, and D. H. Lawrence, all reputed to be exponents or symptoms of change, still conceive Woman after one or another of these "stereotypes," rather than as "human beings," there isn't any real change after all. This writer wants us to believe, not that morality is changing but that it ought to change; and this is sometimes, apparently, the meaning of her collaborators. On the other hand, assuming that there *is* a change to be reported, it isn't always clear that it is *morality* that is changing. Thus the Editor tells us that "men and women are ignoring old laws" and are appealing to various sanctions, including "their own tastes and desires" and "elusive dreams of a loveliness not provided for by rules," with which to fill "the gap that was left when Right and Wrong finally followed the other absolute monarchs to an empty, nominal existence somewhere in exile." This suggests that while morality remains the same, some people are changing their relations to it. And finally, assuming that there is change, and that it is morality which is changing, there is still a third doubt about the title. For if we are to judge the title by the content of the book, then we must suppose that the relations of the sexes constitute the entire content of morality; for the book deals with nothing else.

There is too much variety and individuality in the book to judge it summarily, and too much talent to judge it lightly. Most of it is worth reading, and much of it was worth writing; there is a good deal of wit, and not a little wisdom. Such writers as Bertrand Russell, Elsie Clews Parsons, Beatrice M. Hinkle, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Alexander Goldenweiser, Floyd Dell, and Ludwig Lewissohn commend themselves to any student of the age, whether he takes them as seers or as symptoms. Edwin Muir and J. W. Krutch eloquently plead the cause of romantic love. Sylvia Kopold and M. Vaerting contribute solid anthropological studies of sex, the one in relation to genius, the other in relation to "dominance." Scattered through the book, and interspersed with patches of shallow nonsense, there is much stirring appeal for justice, freedom, and humanity, and much shrewd comment on the times.

The Editor claims no more agreement among the contributors than is implied by their fearless willingness "to saunter up to the edge and see what moral disorder looks like," and by their alleged avoidance of preaching and dogmatism. But their aggregation isn't quite so casual as it sounds. If the authors "never announce or warn or reprove," and pride themselves on the fact, it is not simply because of their scientific temper or delicate consideration for others; it is because, as a group, and on the whole, they have a fairly definite attitude on moral questions. This might be summed up by saying that they don't believe in rules, either as an authority to obey, or as a standard by which to judge other people. They prefer spontaneity.

When people wish to imply their small esteem for rules they call them "taboos." But accepting the taboos as representing the moral rule in its most unpromising form, there are two things to be noted—in the first place, all human groups have them, and, in the second place, they have a way of turning out to be more or less rational when understood in terms of the group that has them, however absurd they may seem to an outsider. It is not an accident that morality assumes the form of rules, and that these rules are enforced by public opinion or by the state upon individuals that do not either like them or understand them. Morality arises from the primitive and inescapable fact that if appetites and other spontaneities are not controlled they will antagonize and destroy one another. Furthermore, most morality partakes of the nature of a contract, and requires of one individual a sacrifice which is rational only provided there is some guarantee of its being kept by other individuals. It is only when life is lived under rules generally observed that it can be either fruitful or secure. This holds of most fundamental human relations, in which both parties have made concessions and commitals that would have no point from either party unless they were mutual and constant; and among these relations is the marital relation. A relation of this type is not debased by being legalized and guaranteed. No honest man feels that the legal prohibition of theft prevents his being honest from personal conviction. Similarly there is no reason why the existence of laws and penalties safeguarding marriage should be felt as destructive of the self-imposed restraints of honor and loyalty.

Arab Life

THE ARAB AT HOME. By PAUL W. HARRISON. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1924. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS
Author of "Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas."

THIS is the finest book on Arab life and character that has appeared since C. M. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," of forty years ago. It is, in fact, a complementary study to the glorious book of that adventurous old poet-traveler, for Dr. Harrison shows us the Arab as he appears to a trained observer with an orderly scientific mind. There is no more romance and mystery in the east to Dr. Harrison than there is to the oriental himself, for in twelve years of contact, with the intimacy that only a physician may gain, he is able to see the Arab as the Arab sees himself. The book is not concerned with picturesque appearances but with realities; it has a well ordered command of facts and the well grounded generalizations of an impartial mind, that of a philosophic observer with love, charity, and understanding.

The first few chapters deal with keen and orderly presented impressions of five different types of Arabs in the different parts of the country in which the writer has lived and worked. The differences between the character of the Bedouins of the desert and the oasis dwellers are thoughtfully and entertainingly brought out, to the advantage of the former, for whom Dr. Harrison has the highest regard. The chapter on the pearl divers of the east coast gives an intensely interesting picture of a strange community. Then in extreme contrast we see the life of the mountainous district of Oman and the town-dwelling Arabs of Mesopotamia. The chapter on the Arab sheik is one of the most illuminating of the book. The author in his praise for the Arab system of justice and the Arab sense of justice shows himself a philosopher able to appreciate a way of life totally foreign to that of his own country. The explanation of the duties of the sheik, his method of carrying them out, and the check, balance, and recall to which he is subjected, deserves a careful reading by students of political science. It is a very great chapter.

Dr. Harrison's observations of the British mandate in Mesopotamia throw much light on the question of the rule of oriental peoples by western powers. It is impossible to govern Arabs like Europeans; they admit the superior efficiency of the British system but regret the days of the easy going and corrupt Turkish government which was at least that of orientals governing orientals. The western notions of the sacredness of life and property actually may result in weakness and injustice. The chapter on the "Religion of Western Heathenism" should be read by all hundred per cent Americans. Here

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is an arraignment of the industrial system and its materialistic aims that deserves a wide circulation among complacent money getters who have so much to learn from the peoples whom they call barbarous. "Contract and property are the gods of the West. The omnipotent Allah and human beings are the supreme values of the Arab." In fact, the west needs the Arab as much as the Arab needs the west, for he has a better sense of the value of things that are more excellent.

What the Arab needs is a broader point of view, a willingness to understand other ideas. The appeal of Arabia is not merely the fact that a splendid race is living in ignorance and poverty and failing to realize for itself a tithe of its possibilities. A superb racial endowment is going to utter waste, an endowment that is not the sole property of the Arab, but in a far deeper and truer sense is the posession of all men.

Dr. Harrison appreciates the finer qualities in Mohammadanism and in the character of Mohammad as very few writers have, and realizes its great appeal to the primitive mind, but he also shows its serious shortcomings in the lack of family life that it results in and in its utter intolerance of all outer contact. But he does not wish to transplant American Christianity to Arabia. He believes in teaching only the simple Christianity of the Gospels with the hope that the Arabs may work out an interpretation for themselves that will better fit the needs of an oriental race.

The style of the book is forceful and direct, and in the later chapters relieved by quiet humor, and full of personality. The reading of it should certainly correct prejudices against either orientals or against missionaries and leave one with a sense of humility in regard to our own boasted civilization.

Rum in Your Tea

DISTRESSING DIALOGUES. By NANCY BOYD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

ADROITLY does Edna St. Vincent Millay preface Miss Boyd's dialogues, not all of which are dialogues. She is their "author's earliest admirer." These pleasant satirical pieces appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, that austere arbiter of fashion, that elegant vehicle of art and letters which slightly inclines its head in passing to the wistful seeker after Correctness with a big C.

The satire of Miss Mil—Boyd's that slices deepest into the social fabric is "Out of Reach of the Baby." In its honor, probably, this discreetly indiscreet volume is habited in sumptuous black. It is an adequate description of the situation in which the contemporary arts, lively or even otherwise, find themselves in America. This cuts deepest, though "How to Be Happy Though Good" also displays acumen. But possibly quite as intsructive are. "The Implacable Aphrodite," "The Greek Dance," "For Winter, For Summer," "Knock Wood," "Rolls and Salt," "Two Souls With But a Single Thought," and "Tea for the Muse." "Art and How to Fake It," "Powder, Rouge and Lip-Stick," "The Same Boat," "No Bigger Than a Man's Hand," "Here Comes the Bride," "Cordially Yours," and even "Madame a Tort" are merely artfully managed stereotype. Yet the naturalness of Miss (well, out with it!) Millay's dialogue is a most decided merit of the book.

This poet pseudonymous is an engaging mocker. In poetry she has genius. As a humorous prose writer she possesses merely talent, though delightful talent. Her satiric excursions are easy to read. Her observation of the mild foolishness of men and women is always gay. The feat I have enjoyed most in this book, I think, is the riot of conversation in "Tea for the Muse." Only a dictaphone in perfect working order could, possibly, surpass it. Almost the very tones of the voices are rendered, the fatuity of the whole occasion perfectly conveyed.

"Distressing Dialogues" are, patently, pot-boilers, though "I Like Americans," and "Look Me Up" seem to proceed from a full heart. "Ships and Sealing Wax" might have been dispensed with. It is the nadir of inspiration. For those who demand "a laugh on every page," which usually means a guffaw at the perfectly obvious, the book, as a whole, may prove thistledown. It parades the kind of pleasant artifice that elicits only an occasional smile. But it is also like rum in your tea. It truly cheers. And the land is in need of cheerful mockery.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Package

THERE is a passage at the end of "Alice in Wonderland" that excellently describes how some farm-yard sounds, recurring under the dream, gradually break through the mist of Alice's fancy and bring her two worlds into one.

Living in a dream at Donville in Normandy, there were three special sounds, endlessly repeated, that used to come chiming through the uneasy apprehensions of one who sat in a thatched cottage trying to write. The jingling bells of the baker's high-wheeled cart and other *fournisseurs* who sped merrily outside our stone wall. The sudden appalling outcry of donkeys, like the scream of a rusty pump-handle. And, behind all other voices, the solemn hoot of the narrow-gauge train on the Chemin de Fer de la Manche. Such a little railway, and it took itself with such charming seriousness.

Yes, I am thinking this morning of those serious little trains that go trundling northward from Granville, through Bréhal with its slender spire, and Chanteloup with its chateau, along the green trough of the Sienne; past Gavray and Hambye (where is the ruined abbey) to Percy and Tessy. I can see the little engine, with two jacks on the bumper ready to hoist it back on the track if anything goes wrong. The engine has very tiny drive-wheels and a very tall smokestack; on the front of the boiler is a big handle that makes it look more than ever like a toy to be wound up. Then there come a couple of freight-cars, and two wagons for passengers. There is a first-class compartment upholstered in red leather, but I never saw anyone riding in it. Along the top of each car is a sign-board that recommends *Benedictine* or *Amer Picon* or something else to drink. And you sit on the wooden seats and watch the butterflies scared up in clouds as you go puffing through the slanting Norman meadows at perhaps ten miles an hour. At Bréhal you wait fifteen or twenty minutes while they shunt on a truck of baled seaweed. At Ver (the right name for a fishing village) the anglers get in with their creels of catch.

I like the Chemin de Fer de la Manche for taking itself seriously. Even when it misses the connection at Cérences (where it crosses the full-sized railway) you won't get any humility out of the young conductor. With a horn to squawk, a whistle to blow, a big leather box full of tickets of different colors and ratings, all sorts of miscellaneous baggages to hoist on and off, and a big turnip watch to look at now and then, he is a felicitous youth. I only wish he were a little more powerful, considering the weight of some of the dunnage he hefts. I have a horrid feeling that he is overstraining himself sometimes.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

But now you are wondering why I am thinking of the Chemin de Fer de la Manche this morning, and why I can suddenly hear the dignified and continuous whistle of that little train. (It would go faster, I think, if the proud engineer didn't spend so much steam in whistling.) I will tell you why.

One of the pleasant perplexities in going abroad and then coming home again is connected with the matter of parcels. In spite of careful instructions, people will mail packages to your foreign address. They arrive after you have left, and then what happens?

There are several stations of the C. F. M. in Donville: in this way Donville and the railway, though both very small, keep up their self-esteem. There is Donville-Blancs Arbres, for instance, and Donville-Something Else, and Donville-Triage. (Just what *Triage* means I never could quite find out.) These stations are all very minute, but they are carefully listed on the time-table. Donville-Triage was *our* station. And the other day I get a letter from the Station-Master at Donville-Triage. I am sure he remembers me; he will not have forgotten how, the first time I wanted to take a ride on the C. F. M., I went down to call on him the evening before to present my compliments, apprise him of my intentions, and get all the dope. I wanted to know specially how to buy the right kind of ticket for riding in one of those open carriages. I must effectuate my traject in full air was what I told him. He was pleased at my enthusiasm and promised me everything. But then when the train came (it leaves Donville-Triage at 10.15, in case you should want to take it) they had left off the open carriages that day.

Well, it appears from the Chef de Gare's letter that someone, whose name he puts down as Fibert Saint Phila, (my guess is that it's someone on Filbert Street, Philadelphia, but I have no notion who) has sent me a package, and the question is what shall be done about it. I believe, for the honor of the Chemin de Fer de la Manche, I will copy the letter in exact translation:—

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Station of DONVILLE-TRIAGE
27 December, 1924.

Dear Sir:

There is arrived in the Station addressed to you, dispatched by Mr. Fibert Saint Phila, merchandises as follows:

1 Postal Packet

which are at your disposition against the sum of

O Fr. 86 for carriage
O Fr. 25 for expense of notification
Total 1 Fr. 11

I pray you to have these merchandises carried away immediately, warning you that at the expiration of the here-inunder-indicated delay they will be submitted to the legalities of storage determined by the tariff.

The person who will take delivery in the Station will have to be bearer of the present letter fortified by your signature at the bottom of the following notice.

If they were not lifted away from the Station in the 48 hours from the putting to post of the present letter of advice, they would be able to be trucked away from the office, and without other warning, into a public magazine, where they would remain at your disposition.

I have the honor to salute you.

THE CHIEF OF THE STATION.

My first thought on receiving this was to write to the friendly Chef de Gare saying that whatever may be in the parcel I will give it him as a present. But, with my usual slackness about letters, I didn't do so; besides, that might involve all sorts of legal correspondence, signing of international waivers and what not. I remember what trouble I got into when a friend of mine, touched by my wails about French pipe-fuel, sent me a package of tobacco from America. I was pursued all summer by mandamuses from Paris urging me to appear and explain why I was importing contraband. I think the best thing to do is allow the Donville-Triage station-master to believe me dead.

Besides, the parcel is probably only a book to autograph. Few people realize how much woe has been caused in this world by the two Eddies, (Eddie Bok and Eddie Newton), who wrote books describing how they began when very young to collect autographs and never took No for an answer. There isn't a mail nowadays arriving in the home of anyone who ever published a book that doesn't contain letters from Young Collectors. They even send you the wretched books, taking it for granted you'll sign them and wrap them up and send them back. And then, by and bye, they write and accuse you of theft.

But I like to think that the little train came puffing up the valley from Granville to Donville-Triage, along the Road of Iron of the Sleeve, carrying a package with my name on it.

The Chief of Station, looking over his records, must occasionally see that name and wonder what became of the strangely eloquent and ungrammatical alien. He will not realize, perhaps, that I wear a part of my heart in La Manche.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Iron Man in Industry," by Arthur Pound, published by The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., two years ago, is being translated into German by Irene Witte, and will be brought out soon by Oldenbourg, at Munich. Dr. Matschoss, Secretary of Verein Deutscher Ingenieure, will write an introduction. Dr. Matschoss testifies to a wide interest in the book among German engineers and industrialists. Miss Witte has translated into German four of Frank B. Gilbreth's books on American Scientific Management.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Ever since G. Lowes Dickinson's "The Greek View of Life" was first published in 1896 it has been published in this country in imported sheets. The continuing demand for this book has now caused its reissue in a new edition, printed here (Doubleday, Page), and especially revised by the author. In his preface to the new edition Mr. Dickinson reminds us that "the specific achievement of the Greek spirit was to humanize barbarism and enlighten superstition."

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Books of Special Interest

Now It Has Been Told

THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL. By the Author of "Uncensored Recollections." Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. 1924. $4.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE revelations of the author this volume are hardly likely to cast lustre on the supposedly staid Victorian era nor are they, on the other hand, apt to rouse much amazement. For the indiscretions here recorded are in the main follies, stupidities, and extravangances rather than scandals of far-reaching character or unexpected implications. They are the reflection of a gay world in which princes, ladies of fashion, and persons of political and literary importance derived amusement from filling the pockets of a foreign dignitary with live crayfish, exhausted their ingenuity in devising for the inamorata of the moment gifts that rivalled the jewelled elaborations of the Orient in magnificence, indulged in puerile practical jokes, or drank themselves into somnolence. All is grist that comes to the mill of the author, and he passes from the witticisms of some favorite of the day to the double meanings of another, or to some bit of gossip or hearsay with seemingly the same relish for one as for another.

It is, indeed, an unlovely picture of high society which he draws, with an Ismail Pasha bestriding its narrow world in light lilac trousers, short black jacket, and fez, a Bismarck "sprawling about in the can-can before a plump, fair, laughing Alsatian *demi-mondaine*," a George Sands enamoured alike of genius and truckman, and a Sarah Bernhardt "faking" sculpture. There are, to be sure, some amusing glimpses of the great and near great, anecdotes such as that of the celebrated Jowett lured by the ingenuity of an ardent guide quite unwittingly before the public gaze.

"This, ladies and gentleman," said the wily cicerone to a group of American tourists, standing under the little bow window on "the Broad," "is Balliol College, reckoned to be the second oldest college in Oxford. The head of this College is called 'The Master.' The present Master is the celebrated Professor Jowett. That is Professor Jowett's study." Then stooping down, picking up some gravel and throwing it up, disturbing the great man at his studies, brought him red with fury to the window—"and that, Ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Jowett."

Or of Trelawney rising to his feet whenever the name of Shelley was mentioned, or of Adah Isaacs Menken, quondam wife of the prize fighter Heenan, and the much discussed Mazeppa of a scandalized theatrical public, gushing to Swinburne "Well, I've read your poems and just love them; and I've come over from Paris on purpose just to love the poet!"

On Swinburne, whom Jowett first severely criticized, and later when fame had commended him to his attention, made much of, the author of this volume bestows considerable attention and some of the most interesting pages of his book. It was the Swinburne of pre-Watts Dunton days who appealed to him, the Swinburne who drank himself into a maudlin state on Tokay, was full "of sly fun and wild monkey tricks," "running out at night into the street, throwing up his hat in the air and dancing before buses in the maddest and most dangerous way, singing and clapping his hands," the Swinburne who adored Walter Savage Landor and barked out when asked if it were true that his idol was faulty in his aspirates "Well, and what the 'ell's that got to do with you if 'e 'appens to 'ave that awful 'abit?"

Despite, however, its occasional piquant passages there is nothing noteworthy or illuminating in this book. Nevertheless, in Lincoln's phrase, doubtless "those who like this kind of thing will like it very much."

France in Africa

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. By WILLIAM M. SLOANE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN

FROM Roderic, last king of the Visigoths, until after the union of Castile and Aragon, the Moors had maintained one of the most brilliant, if barbaric, empires known to history. It is one of the anomalies of modern times, and ought, perhaps, to be added to the Seven Wonders of the World that the quondam great Shereefian Empire is now the vassal of republican France; for, in theory, Morocco at least is still governed by an absolute monarch in the person of Sultan Mulai Yusef.

The French would no doubt object to the word vassal as implying bondage. Be that as it may, there is no denying that France is the master of French Africa by force of arms, a fact which cannot be discounted by lively protestations, that the Moors, Arabs, Negroes, etc., are French and are therefore free, equal, and fraternal, however much this excellent theory persists.

It is of these things that Dr. Sloane writes. Upon the broad background of history the author describes his visit, as a member of the Committee France-America to Morocco and Algiers, the two northernmost countries of French Africa. There is also some mention of Tunis, the third north African "province." It would indeed be difficult to find some phase of life in those regions which has not been touched upon. Art, religion, dress, customs, politics, architecture, etc., etc., all find their places and help to form a book of unusual interest. It is a picture of the education of allegedly backward countries in the school of occidental civilization. It is the story of great imperialist adventures, of magnificent events, of progress, all dominated by a striking personality, Marshal Lyautey, France's empire builder.

The rôle which France plays in the monarchy of Morocco is particularly interesting. The French Protectorate over Morocco, result of an act of force, exercises its control over all the secular affairs of the monarchy. But the assent of the Sultan to any measure is necessary before it can become law. In religious matters the Sultan is apparently supreme. The wisdom of this arrangement is self-evident. The Sultan as religious head of the state is an indispensable instrument to the French; for so long as the Protectorate is made dependent upon the Sultan for the fulfilment of its purposes, and so long as the Sultan is dependent upon the Protectorate for defense of his country, so long will the mass of the Faithful remain friendly to the French.

The race and color problem is one that cannot fail to be of interest to the people of this country. Frenchmen profess that there is neither a race nor a color question. Marshal Lyautey asserts: "In our Protectorate we do not regard or treat the natives as an inferior race, merely as another race." Dr. Sloane continues: "There are no known causes now operative which can account for race and color, for bodily odor and spiritual temperament, or sex repulsion." The French theory is therefore put to the test by modified segregation of French and foreigners from Moors, Arabs, Berbers and Negroes; the Moors and Arabs from the Berbers and Negroes; the Berbers from all.

It is impossible to descant upon the many other interesting things which the author writes. He gives the reader a very beautiful vision of Northern Africa, but he leaves him a little concerned for the future. While France has need for workers and recruits for her armies, she will have a permanent interest in the Africans. It is also safe to say that when her economic aspirations near fulfilment she will have a permanent interest in Africa.

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Foreign Literature

A German View

A GERMAN ON BALZAC. By ERNST ROBERT CURTIUS. Bonn: Friedrich Cohen. 1924.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IT used to be the fashion to give race a preponderating influence in the formation of a writer's style, the quality of his exposition and the emphasis he laid on his various ideas. This method of literary criticism was no doubt largely fallacious, or at any rate the critics who used it exaggerated its importance, but that there was a solid element of truth in it can hardly be questioned. It certainly seems very applicable to the writer of this important study of Balzac. Herr Curtius, by the very fact that he is a German, seems able to illuminate certain aspects of French writers better than French critics can do themselves. It is no accident, of course, that all the French writers Herr Curtius has selected for criticism, as Claudel, Péguy, Gide, and Suarès in his admirable "Literarische Wegbereiter des Neuen Frankreich" (Literary Precursors of New France), Maurice Barrès in the volume devoted to that writer, Paul Valéry, Marcel Proust, and Valéry Larbaud in isolated review-articles soon to be gathered, we hope, in a volume—all have a distinct philosophical and intellectual background to their purely imaginative work.

So it is too, emphatically, with the author of the "Comédie Humaine." Herr Curtius's careful and searching study in the Balzacian philosophy deserves to stand beside Brunetière's extended essay on the literary, historical, and stylistic aspects of Balzac's novels. There have, of course, been numerous other examinations of Balzac's relation to the philosophy and scientific thought of his time, several investigations of the occult element in his work and the attraction the esoteric has for his mind, but this painstaking, but never dull or too minute, critic seems to have gathered them all up and to have woven a piece of criticism such as, we believe, only a German could have conceived and an intimate and sympathetic student of French style accomplished.

It is the "Geheimnis," the mystery of Balzac's life and work that Herr Curtius first seeks to unravel. He quotes those significant words to Madame Hanska, "I am inexplicable to everyone, no one knows my life's secret, and I will yield it up to no one," or again, to the same confidant and intimate friend, "From my birth my life has been dominated by my heart, and that is a secret that I hide jealously; I have not shown everything even to you, best and only beloved." According to Herr Curtius, and he seems to substantiate his thesis by quotation, Balzac, even in childhood, was profoundly influenced by certain mystical experiences, certain daydreaming conceptions of life and his mission, and these, when he came to write, suddenly sprang into fruition—this being the most reasonable explanation of the fact, to which other critics have called attention, that there is little "development" in Balzac's work; it seems to spring, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, fully grown and unsusceptible or, at least, little susceptible, to changing outside influences.

It is necessary to make this last reservation for if, in its essentials, the genius of Balzac was a profoundly original one, it reached out with avidity for contemporary ideas and intellectual fashions, took them up and used them. This is Herr Curtius's second task—to explain the part played in Balzac's literary work by the current cult of magic, the current trend of scientific speculation, the current fashion in political, æsthetic, and religious philosophy. With the help of copious but well-chosen quotations Herr Curtius shows us how these various contemporary currents, meeting the gigantic force of Balzac's own mind, produced that creative force, that aristocratic virility, that passionate but never falsified expression of reality which are the essence of Balzac's novels. Herr Curtius's concluding chapters give a valuable critical resumé of Balzac criticism in all important countries. He singles out, as "the finest, most comprehensive, most profound," the essay on Balzac which Hugo von Hofmannsthal prefixed to the Insel-Verlag edition of the Complete Works; "all German lovers of Balzac should know it by heart," he says. Of his own fuller work we will only repeat what a critic has already declared, that it is worthy to be placed by the Rodin statue.

Drab Fiction

VON STUFE ZU STUFE. By ANNA MEYENBERG. Berlin: Malik-Verlag. 1924. $1.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. MADISON

THIS novel belong to the *Rote Roman* Series, the purpose of which is to present, for the especial consumption of the German proletariat, books of fiction in which the capitalistic civilization is depicted in drab and harsh colors. Among these novels are Upton Sinclair's "100%" and John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." "Von Stufe zu Stufe" is therefore a purpose novel. The author wishes to demonstrate the inequality of opportunity under the present system—especially for the female poor. Of course, although she aims to depict "the true, serious, hard life as it must be lived by unnumbered women," she also avows her desire "to give the best that a human being possesses to give—her own thoughts and feelings." The story, presumably autobiographical, relates the life of a working woman whom circumstances placed at a loom before she was ten—the chief provider for an old mother and herself; who, at the age of eighteen was deprived of her virginity by a rascal more than twice her age, and who was discarded by him after being his ill-treated mistress for six years and giving life to two children; who, sought by many men because of her beauty, married a syphilitic working man in order to be his social equal—only to find him a niggardly, cruel wretch; and who leaves her husband only after years of severe suffering, soon to meet a man according to her desert.

Is this woman representative of the "unnumbered women" whose husbands belong to the proletariat? Decidedly not. In reading this novel one is soon impressed with the extraordinary gullibility of the heroine,—a gullibility greater than that of the greenest maiden. She appears thoroughly emotional, is in possession of an intuitive understanding of human character, and is shrewd enough in her daily affairs; but in regard to what concerns her most vitally she appears actually stupid. It is true that many women, because of ignorance and dire circumstances, continue to live with their husbands after they have ceased caring for them; but few women would suffer as the heroine did and remain with her husband, especially when one considers the fact that out of her suffering she has developed a gift for poetic expression and has come thereby in contact with intelligent and sympathetic people.

Purpose apart, the novel becomes a convincing study of a stupidly emotional woman. The reader is made to feel her aliveness, and he believes her story if he cannot sympathize with it. The style is turgid but racy and idiomatic, and the poems interspersed through the book are clear and feelingful.

The original manuscript of one of Kipling's most famous poems, "The White Man's Burden," hangs in the picturesque study of John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer. This manuscript is of special interest to Mr. Hammond because it is a reminder of his early days in South Africa with Cecil Rhodes when he first knew Kipling.

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Tendencies and Groups in France

By Bernard Fay

FRENCHMEN are clear-minded. They like to classify and define. They pride themselves on having well-organized brains and a general culture. A happy result of this fact, as they think, is to make them more logical than people from English-speaking countries. But at the same time they are of one mind. All their ideas are derived from a single principle, so that if they have accepted one way of reasoning they feel obliged to follow it to its extreme conclusion. That is why we see so many questions which to the Americans seem disconnected treated simply as one by Frenchmen.

Literature and politics are typical instances of this mental habit. Some of the most conservative citizens of the United States become quite bold in print, and on the contrary a good many American radicals write the most classical English. I will not say that it is never like that in France, but on the whole, social and political ideas and literary tastes are closely connected. When you know a man is a royalist you can easily guess his literary preferences, and likewise if you talk to a communist you understand at once whom and what you must praise and criticize to please your interlocutor. Recently the funeral of Anatole France was taken more in the light of a big political manifestation than as a cause of mourning for the world of letters. Among the hundreds of citizens who came to pay homage to his bier, a huge majority had never read anything of his, but saw in him only a great political apostle. As the social prestige of literature is very great in France this has a vital interest for all political parties. Communists, socialists, radicals, moderate republicans, liberal republicans, conservatives, and royalists, all try to enlist the writers, and each group succeeds in organizing a literary school.

In a general sense the "Left" get their support from realistic and naturalistic writers; the "Right" from idealist and classical writers. It is easy to understand that men like communists, socialists, and even radicals, who are trying to develop among the masses a sense of their physical and actual strength and the will for immediate satisfaction, have a direct advantage in making them see the world as a big battleground of material forces. Zola was, of course, the first to achieve this successfully. Some of his novels, as "Germinal," are surprisingly effective from that point of view. He created an official naturalistic school. He considered novels as scientific illustrations of a social fact. He claimed that the correct method to prepare a novel was to follow that of a naturalist-philosopher in preparing his experiments, and to depict them as a scientist would describe his discoveries. His school has had very clever and powerful writers: Maupassant, Huysmans, and later on, Octave Mirbeau, whose place is now assumed by Barbusse (author of the "Le Feu," and "L'Enfer"). The naturalistic school no longer enjoys the great intellectual prestige it had in 1880, but it is none the less very strong. Most of its followers are either out-and-out communists or sympathize, to say the least, with the Bolshevist theories. Their magazine called *Clarté*, in which Barbusse reigns supreme, is the clearing-house of intellectual communism. It is probably not so strong and successful as the bourgeois reviews, but it has succeeded in existing for the last five years, a fact which is looked upon as a real achievement.

The socialists or the more moderate communists may pride themselves on having a rather good magazine. This is *L'Europe*. This paper also professes to be realistic, popular, scientific, and strongly hostile to nationalistic tendencies. It is broadly hospitable to German and Russian writers. It does not seem to have the same influence on literary circles as the older and more conservative reviews, but it issues now and then a sensational number which rouses much comment. The recent Gobineau number was of this type.

The French Ministry of Public Instruction is forced to maintain friendly relations with the members of the Left and cannot afford to ignore such political tendencies. But as a whole the French universities and colleges (the State institutions, at least) are rather inclined to praise, to profess, and to study romantic literature. Although this may seem surprising to a foreigner, it is very logical for a Frenchman. Romanticism, which had begun in France as a reaction against the 18th century deism and atheism, became under the influence of Victor Hugo a kind of pantheistic religion which fought Catholicism and even Christianity, and tried to take their place. The writer and the poet of the day aimed to be the priest of the morrow. Hugo himself was not only a patriarch of literature, he was an "oracle." He and the later romanticists attacked every revealed religion, every dogma, and chanted "Nature, from which everything and everybody has been born." The romanticists believed in spontaneous morality, in spontaneous poetry, and in the superiority of living writers over the dead ones. The most typical instance of this point of view is Mr. Paul Souday, the official critic of the Paris newspaper, *Le Temps*. To show how deeply romanticism has taken hold of official circles, it is enough to say that a "chair Victor Hugo" (the first chair to be given the name of an individual) is being created in Paris in the Sorbonne. And if at present a *chaire Ronsard* is being considered, it is principally because Ronsard is supposed to be the precursor of Romanticism. Of course, Romanticism has been bitterly attacked by both its literary and political enemies, but there are even now some good romantic poets. The best and best-known is probably Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, who is of Rumanian extraction, and has an extraordinary and thoroughly Mediterranean gift of words and sensuality. She is neither profound nor novel in her ideas, but she has much literary cleverness and a considerable reputation, which she manages to use with the utmost skill and care. She is "the great national poetess." Incidentally, most of the cheap poetry which is written every day and printed in the local newspapers and magazines is of the romantic species.

Nevertheless, as early as 1910, the big and wealthy liberal middle classes denounced romanticism. The *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the outstanding French literary review of today announced as its program the research of the new type of literature which would take the place of defunct romanticism. It did not fight against Romanticism, but rather took it as dead; still it was eager to use what lessons it had left. It had rather a clear definition of what it did not like, of what it fought against, of what it hoped for, but not of what it would do. And since that time such a platform of accomplishment is what it has been seeking in different ways to establish. It has been rather under the influence of the Symbolistic school and its descendants. This school of poetry, originally created to fight against the materialism of the naturalists and the paganism of the romanticists, grew up in 1890 and has never ceased from that time to be influential in the most intellectual circles of France. Its tendency to consider the world merely as an appearance, an outward manifestation, and to search for some internal and more superior impetus, makes those mere appearances live and seem real, has given it a religious character. Gradually it became more and more connected with the Catholic Church in France. Most of the early Symbolists were not Catholics, but after 1900 the leading ones were faithful believers of Rome: Claudel and Francis Jammes being the most famous. As a consequence of this it happened that the symbolist ideas and inventions were more and more readily accepted amongst the Catholics.

The revival of interest in Catholic liturgy which we have seen in France in the last fifteen years may be partly attributed to this influence and popularity of symbolism in the most enlightened centers of French Catholicism.

The royalist element, which is strong amongst Catholics, had not accepted entirely the new school, and so the big royalist newspaper (*Action Française*), the royalist magazines (*Nouvelle Revue Critique*, *Revue Universelle*) tried to organize a "neo-classic school." The very strong and clever pamphleteers, Charles Maurras and Pierre Lasserre, wrote sensational books denouncing Romanticism as a mental illness and urging a return to the traditions of France, that is, to regular verses, classical prose, etc. They created a school which had much prestige and a good deal of success. Some well-known writers like Bourget went to their standard and helped them very efficiently. But it seems that 1914 saw their climax. Although actually they still have a great deal of popularity and influence, one feels that they have no longer the same prestige. What they have done has been most important for the development of French literature of the last twenty years.

But what is the younger set doing? It is very hard to answer this question because every school has its hopes and coming men, but it appears that the three dominating influences on younger people have been those of royalists, neo-symbolists and ultra-naturalists. The books written by boys between 18 and 26 of age are about equally divided between novels which aim to be clear, intense with dignity, and deeply concentrated, and poetry which expresses the most brutal, the deepest, and most direct feelings of man. No logical order, no governing rule of any kind is accepted. The poet cries or yells if he wishes to. He speaks no more and you would hardly find any young man publishing a book of poetry without pretending or believing that he expresses unexplored recesses of human emotion. It is impossible to foresee what the evolution of these juvenile works will be and the only sure thing is that the path chosen by this "youth" will decide the future of French literature, because in them lie genius and ambition. They will go wherever their literary tastes, their political and religious beliefs will lead them, and that will be the issue of the big fight that the political parties started thirty years ago to get hold of literature and use

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How thankful we should be to be living in a day when three great poets, who have been long in the world, are adding to the riches of English poetry—Thomas Hardy, Charles Doughty, and the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges.—Walter de la Mare, appendix to *Come Hither*.

Mr. E. M. Forster is a romantic-realist of most curious originality, whose *Longest Journey* and *Howard's End* may possibly provide the historian of English literature with dates as important as the publication of *Almayer's Folly* in 1895.—Hugh Walpole, in *Joseph Conrad* (1916).

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Americans see English people always reduced to dumbness on a first introduction; they must think us an oddly inarticulate race. However, I suppose they remember William Shakespeare and Ethel M. Dell and hope for the best.—*Pipers and a Dancer*, by Stella Benson.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Education

REVERIES OF A FATHER. By JOHN CRAWLEY. Appleton. 1924. $1.00.

If little originality can be claimed for these genial reflections on child education there is, however, much of suggestive value to commend them to the average parent and teacher alike. For in Mr. Crawlay's opinion, justly taken no doubt, there are many aspects of the usual home training and mental cultivation of the child of today but little bettered by the experience undergone by his fathers. And it is toward remedying the major of these lacks, consequent often to the parent's attitude, and their possible mending, that this father speaks from his own experience with becoming candor. The question of sex enlightenment, the cultivation of the mental life, the necessity for early responsibility, are considered severally and as component parts in a unified scheme for a ripened and balanced maturity. The earlier years—from four to ten, say—are emphasized as a period of especial training; and in a mellow chapter entitled "The Realm of Faery" it is pointed out that a free fancy early nurtured is as requisite to mental growth as is the development of the body to physical well-being.

Fiction

VULTURES OF THE DARK. By RICHARD C. ENRIGHT. Brentano's. 1924. $2.

It is one thing to spin a good yarn when a mist of tobacco smoke hides a few good listeners, and quite another to make such oft-told tales into a novel. Police Commissioner Enright has tried, and the result is little better than the thrillers of the ten-cent magazines. The gentleman certainly should know his material, and this tale of a criminal band which tears at the vitals of this later-day Prometheus New York may be true, but it has not the semblance of reality. Neither has it the frank air of impossibility which makes delightful the wares of such mystery mongers as Frank Heller. Character and incident are crudely drawn and in a style which bespeaks either literary immaturity or carelessness. The commissioner catches criminals better than he writes about them.

THE STREET OF THE EYE. By GERALD BULLETT. Boni & Liveright. 1924. $2.

Mr. Bullett's short stories have been noticed very favorably in England, and certainly they reveal promise. But we definitely dissent from the *London Mercury's* suggestion that he is "a short-story teller of the first rank." True, he does not concoct his tales according to magazine formulae, he evinces sensitivity, he is usually thoughtful, he is occasionally vivid, as in his amusing scene with the Fairfield family in "The House at Maadi" on the occasion of Sheila's and Hypatia's joint engagements. But he runs thin. He wanders. His stories seem structurally flimsy, his characters are often walking shadows. "The Street of the Eye" itself contains too much hocus pocus. There is no true explanation but, on the other hand, the writer's striving for uncanny effect—which might excuse this lack, seems to us unsuccessful. "Sleeping Beauty" is not true of young ladies as we know them, though it and "The Enchanted Moment" (that reminds of J. D. Beresford) are more neatly rounded. "A Sensitive Man," the study of a thorough cad, is passably handled, as is "Weeding-Day," reminding of Katharine Mansfield. "Death's Form" suggests Machen, but both it and "The Ghost" reveal a curious immaturity. Mr. Bullett's facility for description and dialogue seems to us to outrun his knowledge of human nature, especially his knowledge of feminine nature. In "The Ghost" he is so high-mindedly earnest as to make his story border upon the preposterous. "The House of Maadi," the last and longest story in the book, is decidedly interesting, with its casting back through the lives of the elder persons in the story, but there is a wavering of emphasis, a vagueness of auctorial intention, a structural irresolution that irritates. "Miss Lettice" and "The Mole" are perhaps the most impressive of the tales, though the latter is somewhat neurotically overdramatized.

Without intention to be severe, we place Mr. Bullett's stories with those books of interesting fiction that do not quite bring off the masterpieces they attempt. Mr. Bullett's equipment of intelligence is superior to that of many writers, but one would say at a venture that he has read more than he has actually observed. He has imagination, however, and power of introspection. We shall look forward to his next attempt. We should say that there is decided potentiality in his work, though his danger is preciosity.

SOMETHING LIGHTER. By J. O. P. BLAND. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. $2.50.

In spite of the unassuming and almost frivolous title of this book, the reader will find that the contents are not only worthy of serious consideration but are distinctive in kind and exceptional in quality. The volume is made up of a group of Chinese stories by a writer who not only knows China but—what is more important—knows how to write. Added to a gift for creating situation and character and the indefinable yet not indefinite atmosphere of the Orient, the author has a power of graphic description, the power to make the scenes he portrays incisively real, the power to convey that which he sees with his inner eye to the inner eye of the reader. While some of the tales are somewhat slow in beginning and while none can be described as exactly rapid in action, yet the reader can be sure not only of several hours of excellent entertainment but of a series of vivid glimpses into the habits and characters of the Chinese of today and of the near past.

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Macmillan. 1924.

A romance of Victorian England whose time-worn theme scarcely deserves the amount of space given it. The author seems to be trying to tell the story of "Daddy-Long-Legs" in the style of "Evelina." But she fails to give the atmosphere of her period. Save for an occasional historical reference the time might be today, and one regrets that Miss Cleugh has not redeemed the commonplace love story by the delightful setting she might have given it. Then, too, the opening chapter is so reminiscent of "Vanity Fair"—with Matilda leaving the Misses Nixon's select seminary for her first post as nursery governess with a Duchess—that one is led, perhaps unjustly, into unfortunate comparisons. There is a forced sprightliness about Matilda which is alternately tiresome and annoying.

Matilda is an orphan, with a mysterious guardian whom she has never seen. When she leaves the seminary she goes as governess to the younger children of the Duchess of Westmainham, and there her adventures begin. She falls promptly in love with the fiancée of the Duchess's elder daughter, the headstrong Victoria, who snaps her fingers at Lord Lassington, and proceeds about her own less lofty love affair. Naturally both

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Matilda and Victoria are happily extricated from their difficulties, and the mystery of Matilda's birth is solved so satisfactorily that she is quite able to be Lady Lassington without a qualm.

BANDELLO'S TRAGICAL TALES. Translated by GEOFFREY FENTON (1567). Modernized Edition. Edited by HUGH HARRIS. The Broadway Translations. Dutton. 1924. $5.

Here comes Geoffrey Fenton, with his elaborated instruction for "the frail imps" of his own age, to join the Broadway Translations and so speak to our modern love for source-books. For it is as a source-book that Fenton's translations of Bandello are mostly read; and read with a feeling of surprise that they were sold, in the Elizabethan days, in every shop in London, and ungraciously considered, by Roger Ascham, to "allure young wills and wits to wantons," and to "teach old bawds new school points." There is little harm in Fenton, and little enough ill-meant; but with all his intricate picturesqueness of style, there is a directness and honesty in his imagination—a lack of subtlety but a knack of caricature—that make his stories, reconstructed from Bandello, worthy to be remembered and to endure in such pleasant garb as this.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $3.50.

This is a gift edition of Ollivant's masterpiece, and the great hearted dog of a great dog story reappears after twenty-six years in an attractively illustrated volume. The illustrator, who furnishes both plates in color and sketches in black-and-white, is Marguerite Kerinse. "Owd Bob" is a friend of old and young, his history a classic. No better book could be given to a boy of ten, and older people will reread this tale of a decade ago with enthusiasm unimpaired.

JOHN PEREGRINE'S WIFE. By M. MORGAN GIBBON. Doubleday, Page. 1924.

Esther, having married John Peregrine, discovers that he has an illegitimate child, the burden of the responsibility for whose existence has so far been borne (at least in the eyes of the community) by Esther's jilted fiancé, Dan Richards. The plot is a good old stand-by. From the very start to the very finish, we know just what Dan will do, what John will do, what Esther will do. Every step is familiar; there are no rude shocks or jolly surprises. Even the necessary deaths come just when and where we know they must. As for the reactions of Esther and Dan they are precisely those that have been approved by the writers and readers of ennobling fiction, for many a long year.

One revolts finally against such nonsense. Why should an honest man permit himself to be besmirched without protest—simply to play a sneaky rival's game? Why should a strong man permit his betrothed wife to be taken from him by a coward, cad, and liar? It is simply a sentimentalized situation, long beloved by plot-makers; and Dan's renunciations, both of them, are gestures—time-honored and silly.

Nevertheless, the story is smoothly written, the subject-matter possesses a perennial interest, and it will undoubtedly hold and stir those readers who do not object to a superficial and stereotyped treatment of one of humanity's fundamental and eternally confusing problems.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN. By GILBERT COLLINS. McBride. 1924. $2.

A lost valley in the Roof of the World; a marble city; a river bedded with diamonds; winged men, seven feet tall and beautiful as gods; prankish ectoplasm; batteries of "isolated brain-force" that bring dead men to life, and sinister invisible forces that, projected by will-power across seven thousand miles, stop the vital heart-beat—verily, we have voyaged far from Floral Heights, Zenith. But the story is written smoothly and with zest; the three bold explorers hold our sympathy; and a pleasant semblance of plausibility is skilfully drawn across even the most Sinbad-like features of the adventure. It makes good reading for a winter evening.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS. By FRANCIS BEEDING. Little, Brown. 1924. $2.

Having made the secretariat of the League of Nations the scene of an international murder, Mr. Beeding is entitled to great respect, perhaps all that is implied in the "jacket's" announcement that he "out-Oppenheims Oppenheim." The conspiracies, Putsches and counter-revolutions of post-war Germany make admirable material for the sort of "international mind" which sees the world through a sinister haze of "papers," false whiskers, and re-incarnated Torquemadas. Mr. Beeding takes this familiar material, adds a suggestion of the contribution of modern science to the diplomat's art and complicates it with a "wholesome love interest" between a demobilized British officer and a nice girl with a job at the seat of the League of Nations. The resulting thriller is so good that we can forgive the author for providing his principal character with a "double." In fact, there are moments when Captain Preston's identification as Karl von Emmerich is the one thing which keeps the story in the air at all.

Of course "The Seven Sleepers" rests upon the same insecure foundation which supports most of this sort of fiction. You are asked to believe that seven German millionaires, anxious to retrieve their fading fortunes by revolution against the Republic, must resort to the most tortuous web of intrigue, involving spies, blackguards, and professors with hyperdermic needles, merely to get the signature of "von Ludenburg" to the "papers" approving their plan. Once you accept all this hokus-pokus, the adventures herein recorded are perfectly plausible. It may be necessary to suppose that German intriguers habitually send subordinates flying all over Europe merely to deliver a message so innocuous that it might have been shouted over the telephone. Central European psychology is a curious mixture of pomposity and mysticism. At any rate, nobody but a goop would put one of these international night-riding stories under the microscope. It would be like telling the children that there isn't any Santa Claus.

THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY. By GILBERT CANNAN. Seltzer. 1924. $2.

The gifts of Mr. Canaan are as evident as usual in this second novel of what is to be a trilogy—or possibly something even more ambitious—written around the rather lurid character of his young Jewish super-intellectual, Francis Sembal. The sneering restlessness of intellectual England at the stupidity of the war's end and of the post-war settlements, he sets forth in an almost macabre tempo of style and thought process which gives the tone of his disgust for the degenerative principle he finds at work in modern civilization far more effectively than would any amount of direct expository writing. Whether it is for English leaders, like his Professor Melian Stokes of Cambridge, become Lord Rusholme in "The House of Prophecy," relaxing into comfortable Anglo-Saxon conformity with what is, or for his specimens of the dominant Jewry like Sembal and Mrs. Nathan, grossly avid for a profound understanding of the world's new courses and the money and political power which understanding will bring, his contempt will not let him alone. There is nothing more appealing about Sembal, "pleased . . . to dwell on the physical defects that made his race distasteful to others . . . his tongue was too big for his mouth and he talked too loud," than there is about Melian selling his Constable landscape to eager Hebrew collectors for a song and at a whim. The narrative is often on the verge of scenes of vast emotional intensity, yet that intensity itself is sensed more through the author's bitter rage against emotion than through its occasional typically Semitic release.

Thus Mr. Cannan achieves a considerable artistic feat—the expression of a tremendous critical judgment against muddled modern society through an insistent mood rather than through plain statement. It may be an ill-tempered, neurotic judgment proceeding out of an "inferiority complex," but there it is, brilliantly done.

The only question is, whether there is not more critical judgment than novel in the performance. And on this side the obscure passions which draw Mr. Cannan's elusive heroine, Matty Boscawan, away from the too correct Melian and the conventionally charming Irish-English Penrose Kennedy, toward the oafishly dominant Sembal, lack something which in a realistic novel seems a fatal lack. They are not firm to the touch.

Speaking of Books

1925

marks the four-hundredth anniversary of William Tyndale's epoch-making work—the first translation of the New Testament from the Greek into English. It is fitting, therefore, that at this time there should come from the pen of Edgar J. Goodspeed, the most recent translator of the New Testament into English, a book about William Tyndale and the long succession of earnest scholars who followed him, seeking to put the New Testament into an appealing English form. *The Making of the English New Testament* will be published early in February at a probable price of $1.75. Meanwhile, we shall be glad to send free of charge to all applicants a small pamphlet, "William Tyndale, Martyr" which has been written by Dr. Goodspeed and which gives a brief account of the great martyr's life and work.

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The New Books

Fiction

ROMANCE AND JANE WESTON. By RICHARD PRYCE. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. $2.00.

This is not a book for the flapper. Nor for nice old ladies—certainly not for the nice old ladies who confide to their pillows the excitements of "L'Abbé Constantin" and "Heidi." The response would be disastrous—yawns and shining eyes; ennui and faint tremblings.

Indeed she—the pronoun is intentional—who would enjoy the "Romance of Jane Weston," by Richard Pryce, must be either a sensationalist secretly tired of the husks or an eminently respectable maiden aunt who, while believing that pure love ends in odorous orange blossoms, is not unwilling to hear what goes on behind the curtains.

For this limitation of his audience, Mr. Pryce is himself to blame. He leans towards the angels, exhibits Victorian stigmata, dislikes Bakst influences in bath-rooms, and is dubious about Betty's *robe intime*. To impressionism he is blind; to *vers libre* deaf.

But the story is a sprightly one. When Jane set out on her romance she had the advantage of Conrad of the pathetic Quest, in that against his age her years were but thirty-six. She had not a grey hair in her head; her slim bones were but nicely covered and if her legs were stocky her feet were lovely. Moreover she drove straight for the goal of the only man to whom she had ever spoken *sans* introduction. Brighton Pier, twelve years previously!

One had momentary hope of her; she drank champagne and it did not go to her head; she took lessons from a "bob-hair" and learned to dance what we are afraid was the shimmy. Yet when the fight for the prize grew fierce she scuttled back to her Welsh hills.

With any self-respecting realist that would have settled it. But Mr. Pryce is a Cinquevalli and keeps his balls in the air after others had watched them crash.

THE MAN WHO PLUNDERED THE CITY. By SWEN ELVSTAD. McBride. 1924. $2.

Philology is a novel ingredient for a detective story. Criminals who rob Police Chiefs and pick the pockets of detectives are also somewhat extraordinary, even in this fictional group where novelty must be achieved at any price. In fact there are so many competent people writing mysteries for their bread and butter that it is only by some truly unusual twist that one story may be made to rise above its fellows. There is nothing else in the formula of crime and detection which offers any chance for superiority, once the demands of mechanical construction have been satisfied. The story is the thing, and situation must always be the criterion for fiction of this type.

Swen Elvstad treats his unusual situation in a quiet, detached manner with really refreshing effect. If there is not any terrific thrill of excitement in the story, there is at least a very lively urge to find out what is going to happen next. The audacity of the criminal, his gentleness and urbanity, and his utter *sangfroid* makes each of his doings a matter of pleasurable anticipation. The detective is also out of the run of fiction sleuths; a singularly human and likable chap. In fact all of the people in the story might conceivably be found in Christiania. Withal there is an even temper about the tale, a flavor of quiet telling which allows the striking points of the story to speak for themselves instead of being labeled like the animals in a picture book.

ANTHONY DARE'S PROGRESS. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1924.

One runs the risk of doing less than justice to this novel since it is but part of a larger work; two volumes dealing with the experiences of Anthony Dare have already been published, and the inconclusive ending of this the third, suggests that others are to follow; however, since it is issued separately it must be dealt with separately. Here one finds young Anthony serving as a sub-editor on an English weekly, "written by the right people for the right people." He lives in charming lodgings just west of the Houses of Parliament overlooking the Thames, where he has surrounded himself with beautiful old silver and china, etc. He has a very pretty taste in such matters. His friends are delightful fellows.

Nevertheless he is mildly dissatisfied with his lot. He desires to write a novel, which has somehow never got beyond its third chapter. He finally decides to chuck his highly agreeable job, and retire into the country where he may write the novel undistracted. However, in the process of teaching an Earl's daughter to ride the bicycle, he falls in love with her instead, and lingers on in town. After an abortive love affair the girl returns his feeling (one could hardly call it a passion) but after a passage he returns to his beloved Merstead, where he wins the hand of the widowed Lady March, an old village sweetheart, who is now the mistress of a glorious old house. In this volume Tony does not quite finish his novel, nor does he actually marry Lady March, so exciting events may be preparing. There is an intriguing (in the better sense) young woman named Lydia in the offing, and another named Jane, that the author is certainly holding in reserve.

This is a most difficult sort of book to review. There is nothing to say. Within the limits which the author has set for himself it is (almost) beyond censure. It is written with grace, with restraint, and in admirable taste. One wishes that some of our writers could rub off their raw edges on a course of Archibald Marshall. There are no doubt thousands of people in America in addition to the author's established following at home, who will pursue with pleasure the gentle story of Anthony Dare to almost any number of volumes. But—but it is a good deal like that mildly agreeable dessert which is called "trifle" in England, and is composed of cake and custard, with a tang of sherry and a soupcon of raspberry jam. We prefer the ruder taste of the "savory" which follows.

THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

The versatile and voluble Mr. Oppenheim is in wholly playful mood in this story: a somewhat elephantine gambolling but making good farce comedy and rising, here and there, to mild satire. The rather unfortunate title, when translated, means the "millionaires in spite of themselves," for no matter how hard they try the two heroes are unable to keep their money from piling up—that is, up to the last chapter, wherein a solution is found. But one must not spoil that by betraying it. The Underwood brothers, Stephen and George Henry, are comfortable, middle-aged London city merchants: to be exact, forty-eight and fifty-one years old when the tale begins. They have always lived very modestly, spending but a small fragment of their income. But with the accomplishment of their actual million comes a belated letter from their long dead father warning them not to become "misers" and adjuring them to "disseminate amongst their fellow creatures a considerable portion of the income," but "without waste or ostentation." They are further restrained in that they must not gamble upon horses or play with the Stock Exchange.

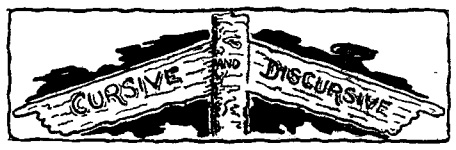
The story deals with their noble efforts to spend their money without waste or ostentation. They move to an expensive flat, employ a man servant and buy an automobile but these are trifles. Next they back a musical comedy, but the thing is a phenomenal success and only increases their hoard. Everything they touch, in the hope of losing or at least spending their money, turns into more money—even to an adventure in financing a golf club. They have no luck in trying to be sued for breach of promise to marry, and backing the inventor who planned to extract rubber from sea weed is ineffectual.

There is, inevitably, a certain repetition in these various episodes, but each one is amusing in itself and the whole thing is skilfully engineered. The effect is also cumulative: an excellent bit of workmanship in this respect. But there is also a better value in the book in the development of the characters of the two brothers as they progress; in their gradual emergence from the rut of habit, and a certain rejuvenescence, all of which is deftly and plausibly portrayed. Mr. Oppenheim has made good use of the large possibilities in the familiar theme of the experiences of the middle-aged adventurer, in serio-comic vein. He has not overdone it.

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1924. $2.00.

This is a fair example of the "well-made" novel. Its plot carries over through misfortune and partial mystery to ultimate solution, its pieces fit together as neatly as a puzzle, and its family friend unravels concealed motives, and draws all the threads together in the most approved way. The elements of the plot are sufficiently familiar but put together with a certain degree of novelty. There is an early affair of a summer's holiday in the Canadian Rockies, with

(*Continued on next page*)



By THE PHOENICIAN

PROFESSOR *George Pierce Baker* has an article in the February *Theatre Arts Monthly* on "The Theatre and the University." The article is accompanied by an interesting map of these United States showing the widespread influence of Professor Baker's work at Harvard upon our dramatic life. Critics, playwrights, actors, designers, producers, managers and little theatres, sprung from the Baker workshop, are all listed. In New York City the list of Bakerites includes among playwrights, *Eugene O'Neill, Mackaye, Knobloch, Philip Barry, Roscoe Brink, Sidney Howard, Edward Sheldon, Kenneth Andrews, Lewis Beach, Frederick Ballard, Rachel Butler, Dorothy Kuhns Heywood, Herman Hagedorn*, and so on.

Harper's have added to their poetry list both *Hervey Allen* and *Leonard Bacon*. Allen's fourth volume of verse will be published by them in the near future. On the 19th of January Allen delivered the annual birthday address at *Poe's* grave, the occasion being supervised by the Poe Society of Baltimore. Bacon's book of poems ought to be out next week. It is a book of satires, entitled "Ph.D.'s," that has long been circulated in *ms.* among connoisseurs. It is a brilliant indictment of the drive toward scholarship at any price. Bacon has fashioned a unique place for himself in contemporary poetry. His satiric, Byronic epic "Ulug Beg," published so attractively by Knopf, will be remembered as something entirely original in the poetry of a year or so ago.

Miss Mary Siegrist, Chairman of the Committee on Literature of the Woman's Press Club, is engaged upon a life of *Nathalia Crane*, the ten-year old author of "The Janitor's Boy," an astonishingly precocious volume of poetry which gained the interest and the praise of poets, critics, and reviewers last year. Miss Siegrist will analyze the environmental and hereditary influences of this youthful poet.

Poets all seem to be turning to fiction. *Elinor Wylie's* new fantastic novel, "The Venetian Glass Nephew" starts serially in the March *Century*; *Herbert Gorman's* first novel "Gold by Gold" and *Donald Douglas's* first, "The Grand Inquisitor," praised by *Mark Van Doren*, will both be out in February. And in March *Conrad Aiken* will be represented by a book of short stories, "Bring! Bring!" In the same month *Alfred Kreymborg* delivers himself, not of fiction, but of an autobiography "Troubadour." Kreymborg has also written the book of a Florentine romance, "Mandragola" which is to be the first presentation of "The Little Opera of America," recently organized to foster an American "Opera Comique."

Vivian Burnett, who is said as a child to have inspired the character of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is now gathering material for a biography of his famous mother, the late *Frances Hodgson Burnett*. He is anxious to get in touch with all of his mother's friends who have letters or material that might be of value in his work. Letters addressed to Plandome, Long Island, will reach him.

We had a delightful visitor the other day in the person of Mr. *W. W. Ellsworth*, who retired from the presidency of the Century Company some years ago to write and lecture. Mr. Ellsworth has now lectured in about two hundred secondary schools and in over seventy colleges; in some of them many times. This year he will specialize in "Shakespeare and Old London" throughout the Northwest. He has a high opinion of the student-body in our Western and Northwestern colleges. He likes their determination and gusto. The author of "A Golden Age of Authors" is himself the most inspiring and entertaining of men. Among older men he is a shining example of one imbued with the joy of life who makes friends wherever he goes and derives an extraordinary amount of enjoyment from observation of the American scene.

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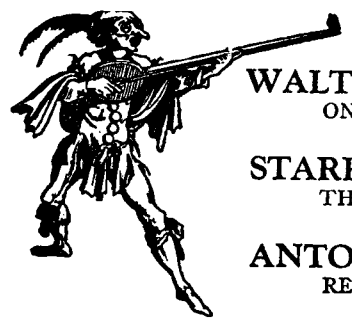

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tragic consequences for the girl, who, however, is the aggressor and whose character is as frivolous and selfish as the man's is sincere. Times passes. The girl sheds all her responsibilities upon an older sister of finer calibre, who bears them for years, keeping her own counsel at any cost and assuming the parenthood of the child. Finally she and her sister's former lover happen into proximity and fall in love, ignorant of their connection. The worthless sister turns up to expose and wreck their relationship, but sincerity and affection prevail to secure a happy outcome.

The novel must be classed as somewhat superficial and stereotyped but its style usually—not always—maintains dignity and escapes sentimental melodrama. The character-drawing and the problem-study, however, are not sufficiently profound to warrant frequent passages of psychological analysis which become tiresome because they are used in a background of insufficient depth and interest. And one wonders about these long silences which a word would clear up. But the love and protection of a child are here offered as the motive and doubtless must be accepted.

Juvenile

THE LISTENING CHILD. By LUCY W. THATCHER. With a new section of modern verse chosen by MARGUERITE WILKINSON. *Macmillan.* 1924. $1.75.

Since the publication of Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither" it is imposible not to measure all anthologies of poetry for the young by the same standards of excellence. Many suffer in consequence. "The Listening Child" manages to hold its own fairly well, especially in the last section where Marguerite Wilkinson has chosen the poems of such modern writers as Masefield, Le Gallienne, Frost, de la Mare, Stephens, Hodgson, Kilmer, Robinson, Carman, and others to supplement the earlier edition which appeared in 1899 and has been a favorite in homes, libraries, and schools ever since. In the days when we read this book instead of doing our arithmetic lessons we used to wonder why Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" had been left out. We are still wondering. No poetry anthology, particularly for children, can be complete without it. Nancy Barnhart's illustrations are disappointing and cheapen an otherwise attractively printed book.

EGYPTIAN TALES OF MAGIC. By ELEANORE MEYERS JEWETT. Little, Brown. 1924. $2.

CHINESE FAIRY TALES. By NORMAN PITKIN. Crowell. 1924. $1.50.

LEAVES FROM THE GOLDEN BOUGH. Adapted by Lady Frazer from "The Golden Bough," by LORD FRAZER. Macmillan. 1924. $3.00.

What better way of teaching history than by means of myth and fable? Or geography, than through quaint manners and customs of other lands? So for the child that loves to start upon a voyage of discovery and adventure—we recommend these books as excellent means of transportation.

Dissimilar in detail, the three fall into the same general classification. They are adaptations of folklore, written for the same age interest—nine to fourteen in particular—and for children of practically the same literary tastes. In themselves great minds, these authors have not considered it necessary to talk down to the minds of children. Instead they have told their stories entertainingly, in good, clear, direct style—you can't do that and patronize your audience at the same time.

As a result of this tact and good manners, the first reading of any of these three books, will be but the mere preliminary in the real business of absorption.

Norman Pitkin author of "Chinese Fairy Tales" has been for many years professor of language in a Chinese university. Eleanore Meyers Jewett, author of "Egyptian Tales of Magic," is author of a book of fairy tales of Thibet. The foreword doesn't mention it, but it sounds as though she were a great wanderer—certainly she is a great story teller. The best is none too good for children was the idea Lady Frazer had in mind. So shears in hand she sat her down before that mighty compilation of her husband's and cutting out the best bits, pasted them into her "Leaves from the Golden Bough."

Poetry

A POET'S PROVERBS. By ARTHUR GUITERMAN. Dutton. 1924.

One does not usually think of a poet in connection with proverbs. By the law of association, we think of a poet's fancies, or his license, or his impracticability, or his fervor, or his exaggerations, or his foibles. But proverbs? Not until Mr. Guiterman's title "A Poet's Proverbs" arrested our attention.

We were very glad to have it arrested, and imprisoned, for a few delightful hours, within the pages of his new book. It is a most satisfying exposition of a human and tried philosophy, expressed in rhymed couplets—a form that might damn any philosophy in less skilful hands. An apparently easy form, it may all too readily degenerate into the jingle. Mr. Guiterman has used it in some of his other books. Althought his meticulous use of words and has sincere craftsmanship have steadily avoided the jingle pitfall, still he seems to have been more successful in the use of the couplet form in this, his latest book, than in "Chips of Jade," for example, or those portions of "The Laughing Muse" and "The Ballad Maker's Pack" in which he employed it.

The reason for this is, perhaps, that he has put more of Arthur Guiterman into "A Poet's Proverbs," and nothing of China, Hindustan, Bengal, the Punjab, the Isles of the Malays, Persia, or Arabia—although Ireland is given a nook in the last portion. When we meet among the Hindustan Proverbs in "Chips of Jade"

The harsh-voiced Raven thinks the Owl can sing.
Among the blind the One-Eyed Man is King

We feel that we are meeting an old friend, even though invested for the time being with a turban and flowing robe and sandals. It is most exhilarating to open a book and feel sweeping over us at once, the fresh breeze of personality, with not a single whiff from foreign sages.

It is difficult to refrain from quoting, if only to give an idea of the range and scope of subjects touched upon, as well as the economy and choiceness of expression.

CHRISTCHURCH. By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN. Seltzer. 1924. $1.50.

"Christchurch" is a volume of poems showing logic. As the title implies, it is architectural. The book is built as a little Gothic chapel might have been built. The title-verse states the general themes,—human grief and love, kinship with nature and the soil, "the miracles of simplest things." The prologue, called "Cædmon," retells most charmingly the old story of the "father of English poetry" with the facts as they were recorded by Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History." The remaining twenty-three poems are songs which Cædmon might have sung,—songs of the favored English saints, of famous abbeys of old, of Hiram of Tyre and Jezebel and King David, of Christ as a symbol of beauty. All of them are remarkable for balance, for symmetry, for the rhythm of orderliness. Yet, they are not artificial. They glow with the unchangeable brightness of the English countryside.

Mr. Coffin happily makes Cædmon's imagination childlike. Things are seen with the wonder of one who is beginning to perceive. Comparisons suggest a bold and healthy homeliness. At the birth of Christ—

A lusty cock in Herod's palace,
Roasted brown within his juice,
Springs up and crows thrice in the platter—
Psallat omnis angelus.

A song for Good Friday becomes the cry of a seller of buns. Little children are the bees of God. Like guardian spirits for Peter are three chicks hatched on Good Friday eve. Death is the ship of stars.

With such imagery, with music that is spontaneous, with often retold stories that can never grow old, Mr. Coffin in "Christchurch" accomplishes a romance which one in this day does not expect to find when he picks up a volume of new poetry. It is the romance of faith.

IN EARTHEN BOWLS. Collected Verse by NELLIE BURGET MILLER. Appleton. 1924. $1.50.

Mrs. Nellie Burget Miller is chairman of the literary division of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and poet laureate of Colorado. In "In Earthen Bowls," which contains her collected verse, the reader will find just that slightness of thought, fair adequacy of technique, and obvious sermonizing that go with most laureateships. Mrs. Miller conveys, with gentle emphasis and sundry side-glances at "Mistress April," a message—i. e., that happiness may be found here in the everyday world, human lives being the earthen bowls wherein beauty lies. The reiteration of this message is accomplished by a series of faintly facile and mediocre lyrics and sonnets.

PARIS. By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. Penn. 1924. $7.50.

This gorgeous book, illustrated in color, and printed in the most generous of type is a defense, an interpretation, and a description of Paris. It is in effect an attempt to reappraise Paris after the perils of war and the distresses of reconstruction, and while the background of history and custom is rich, the narrative is chiefly concerned with Paris of 1923. Mr. Edwards is a propagandist in a not unfortunate sense. He loves Paris and the Parisians and is sensitive to every slight upon them. The book would be better if relieved of some rather trite refutations of immorality and frivolity, and it is by no means a realist's view of Paris. Nevertheless he is as well-informed as he is sympathetic, and if the readers will learn nothing against the French he will find much of the charming truth and know Paris at her best. The freshest part of the text is to be found in the numerous passages explanatory of national customs and characters. We can never have too much of this in a travel book, and too many such books write of the natives as if they were quaint and interesting animals not altogether human. This is a very human book, and good reading, if you love France and are seeking not criticism but praise.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROD AND RIFLE. By Major E. P. STEWART. Doran. 1924. $6 net.

Here is a volume for the sportsman; the sportsman who adventures it in the far-away places; the sportsman of the keen eye and steady hand. To him it will be a book of interesting reminiscence. To the sportsman who must take his adventure from his own armchair it will be a book to carry him to lands of good hunting where, with rod and rifle, he can bag the limit.

There are few men, indeed, who have hunted seven times round the world, who hunt with the same zest for man-eating lions that they show when bagging a brace of partridges; who turn from angling for trout in the lakes and streams of Canada, for tarpon in Mexican waters and shark in the Hawaiian Islands or New Zealand, to stalking black buck in India or shooting rhino in Rhodesia. Major Stewart is one of the few. And he recounts his experiences in such a direct, simple style that you listen to catch the sniffing grunt of a prowling lion, or you feel the tingle in your arm that comes only when a game little fish bends your rod and spins your reel.

Aside from the author's own experiences there is a wealth of information and anecdote, amassed during the past twenty years, all interesting and to the point. So, whether your hunting would be for elephant or hippo or buffalo or hyæna or deer or wild pig; or your fishing would be for trout or salmon or ouananiche or eel or swordfish or shark; or you would learn the ways of the anaconda of the Amazon, or the deadly little black mambas of Africa, or whip snakes of Queensland, or the hamadryad of Burma; or the depredations of driver ants and the danger and annoyance of tsetse flies; you merely have to open "Round the World with Rod and Rifle" and you will find a fascinating tale to suit your hunting mood.

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND OF CARL PHILLIPP MORITZ. Oxford University Press. 1924. $1.20.

It seems doubtful that the fragile merits of this little book are sufficiently potent to justify its present rescue from oblivion and its consequent inclusion among the abiding works of the Oxford Miscellany. The author, a timid and obscure German pastor, who visited England for a few weeks in 1782, relates, in a series of letters, his impressions and experiences as a foot traveler from London to Northampton. *En route* he stopped over-night in several small towns, drank ale with the clerical Dons at Oxford, cut a chip, for a souvenir, from Shakespeare's chair at Stratford, but was sometimes refused lodging because the innkeepers of that day frequently regarded foot travelers as beggars or rogues.

Misjudgment and inconvenience, however, did not wither his observant enthusiasm for the beauty of the English countryside, and the best of the book is contained in his ecstatic descriptions of the latter. More or less quaint and completely naïve, the volume's claim to literary value may lie in the fact that it was written more than 140 years ago.

ATHOS. By *F. W. Hasluck.* Dutton. $5.

1700 MILES IN OPEN BOATS. By *Capt. Cecil Foster.* Houghton, Mifflin. $4.

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY. By *Frank G. Carpenter.* Doubleday, Page.

EASTWARD. By *Louis Couperus.* Doran. $5 net.

THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. Small, Maynard. $5 net.

THINGS SEEN IN NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. By CLIVE HOLLAND. Dutton.

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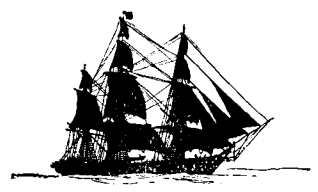

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

TRIMBLERIGG. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (A. & C. Boni.)

THOSE BARREN LEAVES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Doran.)

SAPHO AND HER INFLUENCE. By DAVID M. ROBINSON. (Marshall Jones.)

F. P., Philadelphia, and N. M. D., Palestine, Texas, ask for plays suitable for performance on Washington's Birthday, one for children, one for grown-ups.

IN a new volume of "Short Plays from American History and Literature," by Olive M. Price (Samuel French), is a pretty scene in Mount Vernon, called "Little Lady Dresden." These plays are for classroom use and may be given with the simplest of settings, paper costumes and home-made properties, some, like the Pocahontas play, are better out of doors. In Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "Patriotic Plays and Pageants" (Holt) there are two scenes suitable for the holiday, especially "George Washington's Fortune," in Virginia in 1748. For older actors there is "Washington's First Defeat," a popular one-act by Charles Nirdlinger (French) for one man and two women, and I should think Percy Mackaye's "Sam Average," a silhouette play in his "Yankee Fantasies" (Macmillan) would be an inspiring entertainment for the 22d. For an ambitious production there is Mackaye's full-length play, "Washington, the Man Who Made Us" (Knopf), or one of its acts could be given separately. I know it could, for I have the undying memory of the first performance in this city of a single act, in the French language with Jacques Copeau as a Gallic George. To see him lift his shoulders and fancy George on the postage-stamps performing a similar gesture was something not to be forgotten.

"Is there such a thing as a literary map of England?" asks H. D. F.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS made one, published by Ginn; it is on cardboard and though not very large, large enough for classroom use or for study-reference.

C. D. A., Montclair, N. J., tells me to tell J. W. W., Minnesota, not to forget, in his preparations for a canoe-trip down the Mississippi, Julius Chambers's book "News Hunting on Three Continents," "for there he tells of his discovery of the actual source: canoe-map and illustrations—all there!"

M. J. G., Holland, Mich., asks for "the name of the etymological dictionary which you once mentioned as being as interesting as a novel."

ONCE? Why, someone wrote in not long ago to ask if I was quite all right; I had not mentioned Ernest Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" (Dutton) for six months and she thought there must be something the matter. I lug that priceless volume off the shelf for one reason or another oftener than almost any other reference book, never without reading further than the paragraph I start with. I see by the advance news from Dutton that there is about to be published Ernest Weekley's "Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," in "a single volume not too large for a handy place on shelf or desk." If this is as sprightly as everything else written by this learned man, being a little smaller in size will be no disadvantage.

M. J. G. asks also for the most recent authoritative dictionary of the English of Shakespeare.

THE "Shakespeare Glossary" of Charles Talbut Onions (Oxford University Press), is a small book, not expensive, admirably equipped and arranged for the general reader or student. It has definitions of obsolete or archaic words, and explantions of allusions, proper names and idioms not now readily understood. An even smaller book is the "Pocket Lexicon," Israel Gollancz, that accompanies the Temple Shakespeare (Dutton); this is not so thoroughgoing a treatment of the subject, but as much as many readers will need. The large "Shakespeare Word Book" of John Foster is published by Dutton.

E. H., Indianapolis, Ind., asks if anyone has done for German literature approximately what Lytton Strachey did for French in his "Landmarks in French Literature" (Holt), especially in regard to readability, compactness and lightness of touch.

IT seems to me that the nearest to such a treatment of the subject is afforded by Kuno Francke's "History of German Literature as Determined by Social Forces" (Holt). Not that the two books are alike, but Professor Francke's is certainly readable and compact; he has a natural affinity for the subject and brings to it a sympathetic understanding.

B. W., Milwaukee, Wis., asks that other descriptions of the Hebrides, other than those of Samuel Johnson and Walter Scott, have been published as the result of travels there, and what novels describe them.

"WANDERINGS in the Western Hebrides and Islands," by M. A. M. Donaldson, was published in 1920 by Gardner, Paisley, Scotland; it includes history, clan-records, folklore, and anecdotes. Sir Donald Monro's "Description" of a tour in 1594 was published in Glasgow, 1818; Martin Martin's "Description" of a tour in 1695, in London, 1703; John Knox's "Tour" in 1786, in London, 1787; John Leyden's "Tour" in 1800 was reprinted by Blackwood in 1903; Thomas Garnett's "Observations," in London, 1811. In 1889 Harper published the beautifully illustrated "Our Journey to the Hebrides" by the Pennells, now out of print. Of recent books there are "Hebridean Memories" and "The Land of the Hills and the Glens," by Seton Gordon (Cassell). William Black put them on the fiction map; "A Princess of Thule," with part of the book in the Isle of Skye, is in print. "Father Allan's Island," by Amy Murray (Harcourt, Brace) is the most recent novel of the Hebrides, a sympatheic study of the little world of an island parish.

C. G., New York, asks for a life of Benjamin Franklin, not the "Autobiography," discussing his inventions.

"THE Many-Sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford (Century), keeps its place as the most popular with the general

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Mary Rose

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

So—according to the "Phœnician"—Ratcliffe Barnett, an English author, claims to have discovered the Magic Island where strayed Barrie's heroine "Mary Rose."

I see I must make haste to stake my own claim. Has anyone yet boasted of discovering the original of Mary Rose herself? Let these lines by the "Ettrick Shepherd" ring in your ears while you recall the plot of Mary Rose:

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

. . .

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung;
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

. . .

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By burn, by ford, by green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snod o' the birk sae green?
And those roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?

Kilmeny looked up wi' a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew. . . .

The parallel continues through the poem. Kilmeny came home:—

When seven long years had come and fled, etc.

That's enough! The rest of the poem is in "The Home Book of Verse."

The spirit of James Hogg was in Barrie when he wrote Mary Rose. When I saw the drama I was watching, not Mary Rose, but Kilmeny!

DANIEL HENDERSON

East Orange, N. J.

On Romanticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

SIR:

May I be allowed to ask for your editorial solution of certain scruples I sometimes have when enjoying the *Review*? Am I correct, or am I not, in the impression that the editors, and perhaps not unnaturally the contributors, have taken a decided position of disapproval towards what they sometimes call "romanticism"? They seem to prefer the literary attitude of "realism," and to imply that the two are incompatible.

It seems that they do not use the term realism in the narrow sense in which it used to be applied to Zola, to the "Youngest Germany" of the 'Eighties, or to our own Howells. Realism, in the editorial sense, seems almost identical with the formula that literature is to be a criticism of life; while romanticism, I suppose, is to be charged with the heresy of treating it as something, to use an expression of Mr. Murry in a recent number, "condemned to the purely æsthetic judgment." I beg to submit that this confuses me. I had entertained a decidedly different idea.

I understand, of course, that a great variety of things have been called romantic by people not careful of what they do to the language; but let us look at writers whom everybody agrees to class as romantics: The German *Romantische Schule*; the English from Coleridge to, let us say, Browning; and the French of the generation of 1830. Is it not true that all of these are emphatically critics of life, and consider, once more to use the words of Mr. Murry, "literature to be important"?

How could they do differently? For is the romantic outlook anything less than an attempt to master life by sheer force of human personality, to lead a life such as one's inner promptings approve, instead of submitting to the necessities outward conditions impose upon us? When a romantic personality takes to literature, the result is often but by no means always what by the vulgar is called romanticism: a flight into distant times and places, a selection of subjects dealing with unheard of things, from hair-raising adventures to blood-curdling spooks. Those, however, are mere outward trappings. The essence is always the desire of showing how life ought to be; and is not that what makes literature important? To show how life actually is by a literary rather than a scientific method seems to me a thing of very doubtful value.

Moreover, if American literature is to be important for American life, it seems to me that it will necessarily be romantic in this genuine sense. It is so, thanks be to the gods, at the present time. Can you imagine a more romantic book than "Babbitt"? It is not vainly that all the more promising young writers of today seem to love the idea of rebellion; and although personally I am inclined to the stoutest sort of toryism, I am satisfied that nothing is more desirable than that these young people should keep on rebelling, in their writings, and in their lives also if they will keep the moderate tempo most of them seem not inclined to exceed. Their rebellious shouts are really but healthful evidence of the romantic refusal to be bound by the stupid inanities quite natural and proper for the multitude. Their romanticism may keep us from having the lives even of the best among us strangled by that democracy which probably is good for us in politics but has no place in the intellectual life of vigorous personalities.

ERNEST BRUNCKEN.

Milwaukee.

Tail-Twisting

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Margaret Widdemer's review in your issue of December 13, "Ward Twists More Tails," was most mightily interesting and exasperating. I like parodies. I like seeing the world turned topsy turvy for a moment or two, and I enjoyed Ward's "Nightmare" highly, being most naïvely unaware that it was the assault on Wells's latest romances that Miss Widdemer now demonstrates that it is.

For mercy's sake, what does it matter *Ooo* loved removin' the garbidge? What has that to do with the spiritual invigoration that comes from reading one of Wells's gorgeous myths out of the not-impossible Golden Age of the future? We are at the latter age of myth-making, we *exalté* and paranoic moderns, our new mythology concerning not the old gods and Valhallas that have been, but the new gods and the Utopia that may be. And of all our mythmakers who is the equal of Wells, with his pluck and fire and spacious intelligence?

I believe in "men like gods." I have emblazoned the words on my 'scutcheon. In view of the perversity and surprisingness of all nature, human nature not excluded, the world's Utopia will plausibly come by many different quirks and twists of history and circumstance from those prophesied by Wells, and perhaps it will be a rather different Utopia, but surely the bright, suggestive legend he tells is not the less lovely, not the less encouraging and refreshing to dwellers of a sly and bitter world for that. Surely that older dream of the Kingdom of Heaven was not all—parody. There are seeds of intelligence and generosity and joy and truth that may put forth shoots and come to blossom yet. We Earthlings, too, may have a heritage in the stars.

And as to Mr. Wells's taste in allowing these latter-day gods of his go naked, and liking his dreams that way, the criticism savors somewhat of Father Amerton's undignified attack upon the young people of Utopia with black aprons.

MARION L. STARKEY.

W. Lynn, Mass.

Under direction of Professor Robert F. Fuerster and financed by a $60,000 contribution from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Princeton University has collected in the last two years one of the largest and most exhaustive libraries dealing with the labor problem. It contains 11,500 books, pamphlets and other publications, forming a special section of the university library.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

reader; a well-named book, paying special attention to his experiments and inventions. Reading this book, one wonders what he and Leonardo da Vinci must have done to heaven by this time.

SOME weeks since, replying to a request for stories to read aloud, sent by members of the Shaw High School, Cleveland, O., I told them that if they would tell me what they really did like in the way of stories, I should be delighted to send them a book for their library. Here are the results of their referendum, collated by Miss Jeannette Baker, who says that she passes them on "keeping school-teacherish hands off." I leave it to anyone interested in junior literature or life whether it was not worth the beautiful color-illustrated "Moby Dick" (Dodd, Mead) that I have gratefully forwarded:

Each story *must* have a good title, one that immediately creates interest. There should be few characters. The action should begin at once and continue to a satisfactory close which does not leave the reader "up in the air." Several suggest that there be continuity of action, rather than, after the story is begun, a going back for details of the past. Happy endings are far more in favor than tragic, and almost without exception they suggest that there be some humor in the story.

"Conversation" rather than prolonged description is a universal stipulation. The youngsters would like the scene of some of the stories to be laid in this location.

All prefer an element of mystery. Stories of adventure and exploration are prime favorites, while animal stories run a close second—providing the animals are not "made to talk" and "do not die in the end." Many like period stories, specifying the time of the Crusades, the French Revolution or the American Revolution. Stories of modern school and home life are urged, and several hinted that a "moral" would be acceptable. Bits of biography appeal to quite a few. They demand, one and all, that the stories, even though products of imagination, be probable, or at least possible, and they are very critical on this point.

This report of the tastes what I have long since learned was at once the most realistic and the most idealistic time of life—the time from twelve to sixteen—comes from a large school whose pupils are both boys and girls. Perhaps the idea may appeal to some other teacher, in which case I would be glad to know how the report agrees with this.

H. D. J., New York, asks for books relating to the life and times of Henry VIII of England.

I WOULD begin with "The Age of the Reformation," by Preserved Smith (Holt), a book that I find myself consulting for many quite different reasons, a valuable reference work and rapid reading. "The Reign of Henry VIII," by J. A. Froude, takes several volumes of Everyman's Library. "The Youth of Henry VIII," by Frank Mumby (Houghton Mifflin) is not out of print, but no doubt in libraries: it is a narrative in contemporary letters. The second volume of the "Cambridge Modern History" includes "Henry VIII," by James Gairdner, who also wrote the fourth volume of the "History of the English Church" (Macmillian), concerned largely with his reign. Another famous English authority, on another aspect of his importance to history, is Albert F. Pollard; his "Henry VIII" is published by Longmans, Green, who also issue the "Political History of England," of which Mr. Pollard has written the sixth volume, from 1547 to 1603. "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," by Frank Chamberlin (Dodd, Mead), throws light backward as well as on the personal career of its queen, and in "Early Tudor Poetry: 1485-1547," by John M. Bordan (Macmillan), there are introductory chapters that give the background of life in Tudor England. The books cited in this work will direct the student to further reading along special lines of research.

W. K., New York, asks where to find an historical novel, "The Lady Mary," published about twenty years ago, author and publisher unknown.

THIS sounds as if it might be "The Lady Mary of Tavistock," by Harold Vallings, published by Milne in England, 1908. It is a story of Devon in the time of Charles I; said by Baker in his "Historical Fiction" to be a close study of local life and to introduce an account of the plague in Devon.

"Oh Monsieur—"
"Mademoiselle—"

and right there the conversation breaks down!

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

PART XV, duplicates from the library of Henry E. Huntington, consisting mainly of Americana, was sold at the Anderson Galleries in the afternoon sessions of January 12 and 13, 434 lots bringing $6,469.25. The highest price, $625, was paid by Dr. Rosenbach for a copy of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," royal 8vo, original boards, Cambridge, 1865, the rare privately printed first edition limited to 50 copies, a presentation copy from the author to Charles F. Briggs, associated with Edgar Allen Poe in the editorial conduct of the *Broadway Journal*, inscribed on the original green end-paper: "C. F. B. from J. R. L., 3rd Sept., 1865." The same buyer also paid $600 for Edward Winslow's "New-Englands Salamander," etc., small 4to, sewn, London, 1647, excessively rare, apparently but three or four copies known, with no record of sale at auction.

Other unusual lots were the following:

Church (E. D.). "Catalogue of Books Relating to the Discovery and Early History of North and South America," compiled by George Watson Cole, 5 vols., royal 8vo, buckram, New York, 1907, Edition limited to 150 copies. $310.

Child (Major John). "New-Englands Jonas Cast up at London," etc., small 4to, sewn, London, 1647. Contains the earliest contemporary reprint of the Freeman's Oath. $450.

Mather (Cotton). "The Life of the Renowned John Eliot," etc., 16mo, original calf, Boston, 1691. Rare first edition in the original binding. $100.

New Mexico. "Laws passed by the General Assembly of the Territory of New Mexico, in the Session of December, 1847," 12mo, sewn, Sante Fe, 1848. Apparently but two copies known with no record of sales at auction. $240.

Rowlandson (Mrs. Mary). "True History of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson," etc., small 4to, half morocco, London, 1682. Second edition of one of the earliest narratives of Indian captivity and one of the most authentic. $130.

Sherwood (J. Ely). "California: Her Wealth and Resources," etc., 8vo., original wrappers, New York, 1848. One of the earliest publications relating to the discovery of gold. $150.

Choice and rare books from four private libraries, including that of the late Edward H. Wales of this city, and the collection of Miss Magna Paxton of Chicago, were sold in the evening sessions of January 12 and 13, 543 lots realizing $18,209.50. A few of the rarer lots with the prices which they brought were the following:

Chaucer (Geoffrey). "Workes," folio, morocco, London, 1542. Early collected edition containing the first appearance of "The Plowman's Tale." $260.

Dickens (Charles). Christmas Books, 5 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1843—48. First editions. $300.

Donne (John). "Poems," small 4to, levant by Ruben, London, 1633. Rare first collected edition. $120.

Harte (Bret). A collection of first editions of his writings and two books relating to him, 44 vols., 8vo and 12mo, original cloth, v.p., 1867-1911. $310.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "Grandfather's Chair," and "Liberty Tree," both 16mo, cloth, Boston, 1842. Second editions revised. Author's presentation copies with inscriptions. $455.

Housman (A. E.). "A Shropshire Lad," 12mo, boards, London, 1896. First edition. $202.50.

Hazlitt (William). "Political Essays with Sketches of Public Characters," 8vo, boards, London, 1819. First edition and presentation copy from John Keats to his brother George Keats. $240.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, elaborate levant binding by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1818. First edition. $215.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Plain Tales from the Hills," 12mo, original cloth, Calcutta, 1888. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $435.

Lamb (Charles) "Album Verses," 8vo, levant morocco by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1830. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $320.

Longfellow (Henry W.). "Outre-Mer," 2 parts, original wrappers, uncut, Boston, 1833-34. Rare first issue with imperfections. $110.

Masefield (John). "Salt Water Ballads," 12mo, buckram, uncut, London, 1902. Fine copy of the first edition of the author's first book. $125.

Milton (John). "Paradise Lost," small 4to, levant morocco by Bedford, London, 1667. First edition with the second title page. $700.

Moore (George). "Flowers of Passion," small 4to, cloth, London, 1878. First edition of the author's first published book. $165.

Poe (Edgar Allan). "The Raven and Other Poems," 12mo, levant morocco by the Club Bindery, New York, 1845. First edition with the bookplate of E. B. Holden. $140.

Spenser (Edmund). "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," small 4to, levant morocco by Bedford, London, 1595. First edition with Buxton Forman bookplate. $440.

Robinson (Edwin Arlington). "The Torrent and the Night Before," 16mo, morocco, Boston, 1896. First edition of the author's first book. $215.

Part I of the collection of American autographs formed by the late Edwin Barrows of Providence, R. I., was sold January 14 and 15, 498 lots fetching $8,982.25. A few of the more important lots were the following:

Arnold (Benedict). A. L. S. 2 pp, 4to, October 21, 1773, to his wife Peggy. $185.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, Passy, June 2, 1778, relating to the treaty of alliance between France and the American Colonies. $350.

Edwards (Jonathan). A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, Northampton, October 9, 1747. Written to the survivor of the Deerfield Massacre. $110.

Hutchinson (Thomas). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, Boston, November 13, 1773, outlining his policies, and written six months before he was recalled. $135.

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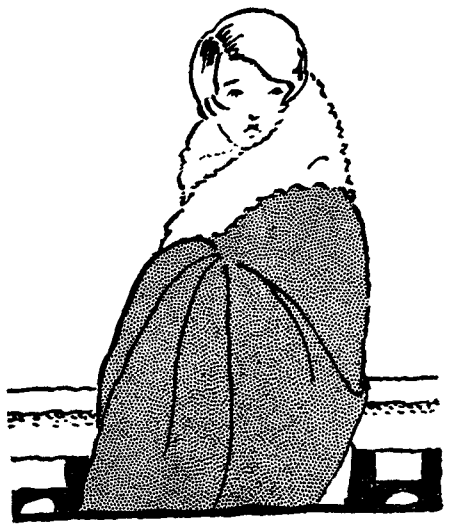

The Statistics

She:

Four years at boarding school. One year at college. Two years at home.

Within five years she had turned down three serious and carefully rehearsed proposals, a dozen impromptu ones (est.) and had been engaged, quite informally and without announcement three times.

Duration of these engagements: from twelve hours to six weeks.

Number of times in love: indeterminate; continuously with intermittent lapses, since the age of fifteen.

He:

Just back from Yale.

That night:

They were going dancing at the Country Club. They would ride by the peaceful homes of Columbus, laughing and talking, with the whole world around them a patched pattern of moonlight and soft shadows. It was June. June, 1914. Life seemed smooth.

But their story had really started many years ago, with their parents —his, especially, they being German-American. And their story wasn't going to end that night, nor many months later when he, one frosty morning, would kiss her good-bye, and join a mob of soldiers, with the bugles blowing first call.

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The Phoenix Nest

TURNING over the pages of *The Author & Journalist,* that somehow had drifted to our desk, we were edified to find ourselves mentioned in the leading article on "Selling" by *Warren Hastings Miller,* of whom hitherto we had never heard. It eventuates that Mr. Miller is a popular magazine writer who sells his work widely. It seemed to us a bit gratuitous when on page four of his article he suddenly delivered himself as follows:

> You will note that none of the present leaders of our literary clique sell anything to the magazines. Where do you find such men as — and the rest? An article in *The Bookman,* perhaps contributed gratis, here and there a literary criticism. Most of them live by their jobs on various newspapers and magazines. Heaven help them if they had to get out into the storm as we do! Most of them bring out a book a year, which is vigorously tub-thumped for by *The Bookman* and the exchange literary supplements. How much the royalties really amount to is problematical. There is a vast difference between library popularity and real sales.

Now as the name we have so modestly supplied with a blank happens to be our own last name, and as, on careful consideration we do not see how under any circumstances this thrust could have been intended for a younger relative, who, it seems to us, has very successfully got "out into the storm"—what an enjoyable phrase that is of Mr. Miller's!—in the matter of his writing fiction featured by many magazines,—we have sorrowfully come to the conclusion that Mr. Miller intended it for us.

Well, in the first place, our vanity is tickled that Mr. Miller should ever even have heard of us! In the second place, we can furnish Mr. Miller, at once, with the information that those problematical royalties are, in our case, not even problematical. They are practically non-existent. Each year we get a little less in debt to the publisher of our only novel; and the royalties from six volumes of poems occasionally bring us in enough money to buy a box of English Ovals. But what pierces our pride is that Mr. Miller really believes that we are in behind the storm-door and could not face the raging blasts where the two-fisted he-writers of the popular magazines battle their way so valiantly through the frozen flurry of rejection-slips to the Lead-Kindly-Light of "acceptances." We don't so much mind being identified with a literary clique; for after all, according to Mr. Miller we're supposed to be one of the leaders; and we do like to be a leader; so we'll let it go at that. Even if we have to lead this particular clique all alone, and follow it all alone, and be President, Vice-President and Treasurer of said l. c., we don't mind the hard work if we only get the credit!

Of course, we'll tell you,—we're really only about half in and half out of the storm door, after all, because we employ a literary agent. Or rather, he employs us, we're not quite sure which. Once we borrowed money from him without a struggle. Never mind. Mr. Miller says that those who employ or are employed by literary agents aren't really out in the storm at all. They aren't realists, they aren't tough-minded, they don't face the facts. They don't see their own manuscripts return to them in the morning mail and have to hunt around for stamps wherewith to send them out again. That's true. But then, we spent a number of years' apprenticeship at hunting up stamps and envelopes and tabulating rejection slips; and today we feel that we are old enough to deserve some consideration. Even now we do receive a few rejection slips personally, a little of the storm sifts in through the storm door. But in the main we wish them on our agent. Sometimes we look out and watch him stamping and flapping his arms about in the storm, and we feel a pang of conscience. But then, after all, he's used to it.

All this egotism being the case, what we really want to do is to marshal a few pros and cons regarding this "storm" business. There really isn't any storm. Yes, that's the great secret we were trying to keep from you. It's just like this. You aim at being a magazine writer, or you aim at being one of the other fifty-six remaining varieties of writer. If you aim at supporting yourself, and perhaps family, by writing for the magazines it is only a matter of common-sense to study the "market" as Mr. Miller has done, as all good literary agents do. It is, in any case, extremely silly to run away with the idea that the writers who appear in the magazines don't know their job pretty well or even that they never by any chance produce literature.

But the writer really "out in the storm" (we are merely the leader of a literary clique, and hasten to renounce all identification with such writers,) is the writer who decides to write absolutely according to his lights without the slightest regard for any periodical. This writer may have merely mistaken his vocation. He may be one who would have gone far in the retail shoe business, but, for all his effort, will never get anywhere in creative literature. He takes that chance. His tragedy is common in the world of books and authors. On the other hand, he may win through to recognition as a writer of exceptional intellectual honesty who produces a certain kind of thing that no editor or reader at one time would have as a gift, and that certain editors and readers and critics eventually come to recognize as "the real thing." He does not "study the market." He writes what is in him. He decides for himself, he gambles his future. The writer who studies the market, writes assiduously with certain magazines in view and with certain editors in mind, does not so gamble. He learns tricks of a trade, he learns rules of a game. He adapts himself to a definite situation.

He may, in a certain instance, be an altogether admirable type of writer. Or he may be nothing of the sort. The penniless writer of Greenwich Village—not the *Saturday Evening Post* propaganda version, but the real Greenwich Village which has as many different kinds of human beings in it as any other part of New York—may be a palpable fake, but he may also be an admirable writer. We live elsewhere.

We thank you, Mr. Miller! W. R. B.

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